



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

4/6

$\frac{e}{4+4}$

280. e 2553.



POEMS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

BUT CHIEFLY

Moral and Descriptive:

WITH

SONGS, AND COPIOUS NOTES.

BY THOMAS EDGAR.

DUMFRIES:

Printed at the Dumfries & Galloway Courier Office,

By J. M'DIARMID & CO.

1822.



TO MY SUBSCRIBERS.

GENTLEMEN,

AT one period of life, nothing could be further from my ideas, than appearing in the character of an Author ; and it is still with the greatest diffidence I offer myself to your notice, in that capacity. From a very early period of life, I have been a votary of the Muses, and frequently employed a leisure hour in composing a few stanzas, which, after being committed to paper, and lying sometime neglected, were generally, upon a re-perusal, committed to the flames. For these last few years (owing to circumstances with which

you are mostly acquainted), I have had a considerable portion of spare time upon my hands ; and to banish ennui, in the spring and summer months, I was often to be found by some of the mountain brooks of Crawford Moor, or by the more inland stream of the Carron, and its tributaries, with my fishing-rod in my hand, engaged in the solitary, but pleasing amusement of angling. In these circumstances, surrounded by the sublime and beautiful, the mountain cataract, and the confluence of kindred streams, the stupendous hills, that raise their towering tops to the clouds, over the Carron, for a considerable part of its infant course, and those delightfully wooded banks, that border it to its junction with the flowing Nith, my Muse again paid me a welcome visit ; and cordially embracing her, this Volume (with a very few exceptions) is the consequence of our connection. I am conscious that the bantling is very rickety and deformed, and that, upon exhibition, it will very likely be hissed off the stage, by an host of critics ; but, in that event, I must console myself with these lines of the discerning Pope :—

“ In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic’s share.”

But there is still a stronger consideration that fortifies my mind, and will fully compensate want of popularity—To my knowledge, I have written nothing immodest or immoral; this being the case, if my poetical effusions do not amuse, they will not contaminate. If they do not command your approbation, they will at the least excite your sympathy; and as I have done my endeavour to please, I will be much disappointed, should I be so unfortunate as not to meet with the approbation of my subscribers, a number of whom have been so kind, as to express themselves highly satisfied with the specimens I have shown them, and at whose request, in a great measure, this Volume is put to the press. I shall conclude, Gentlemen, by returning you my most sincere thanks for your patronage.

I have the honor to be, with profound respect,
Gentlemen,

Your most humble

And most devoted servant,

THOMAS EDGAR.

POEMS, &c.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE MOORLAND AND SPANISH RAMS.

WHEN keen November winds did blow,
On Lowther hills white lay the snow,
The fleecy flocks sore pinched for meat,
Right wae on lower fells did bleat ;
The curlers, on the ice below,
Their adamantine stones did throw,
And with true mathematic skill,
Contended who should most excell :
When, lo ! a sturdy moorland ram,
In eager search of other game,

B

Came brushing o'er the highest hills,
To try his fortune in the vales ;
When, by the lee side of a dyke,
Something he spied,—a sheep 'twas like—
To which advancing, void of fear,—
“ What are you ? or what brought you here ?”
“ I am a noble Spanish ram ;
Don Pedro Merino my name ;
A scion of a far-famed flock,
Imported to improve your stock.”
“ Your sounding name and pedigree
Are equally alike to me ;
As for your fleece, it seems right fine,
Yet is not warmer, sure, than mine.”
“ We Spaniards are of courage bold,—
For noble deeds we're famed of old,
And gallant acts of chivalry :
Depart, you hairy fool, from me.”
“ We Britons are true hearts of oaks,
So do not break on us your jokes ;
But, turn you out, I'll try you fairly ;
Who fought it best at Talavera ?”

This roused the Spaniard's Quixotte mettle,
Who, nothing loth to join the battle,
His courage rallied amain,
And hied him out into the plain.
While Johnny, ne'er of fighting shy,
A broadside instantly let fly ;
When, quick as any bolt of thunder,
He clove the Spaniard's skull asunder.

MORAL.

*O happy Britons ! happy isle
Courage innate in thee doth dwell :
But show thy warriors the foe—
Charge bayonets—and down they go.*

THE BEWILDERED SHEPHERD.

[The following poem is a faint representation of the 24th and 25th of January, 1794, on the last of which days happened a violent snow-storm, more severe than any that had occurred within the recollection of the oldest person then living, which occasioned the loss of many valuable lives, besides a great number of the fleecy flocks.]

PART FIRST.

STERN Winter's rough storms we have not yet
beheld,
And beautiful verdure still covers the field ;
The daisies unblushing their petals display,
In January, as in their own native May.
Yet symptoms enow of stern winter appear,
And white is the mantle the Lowthers now wear.
Even those who do into futurity pry,
Begin to divine we'll have storms by and bye.
The grouse, from the mountain, descend to the
moor,
And 'neath thickest cover the partridges cour ;

From the barn-door poor Robin repairs to the ha' ;
All omens, say sages, betokening snaw.
The blythe bleezing ingle the fam'ly surround,
While mirth and good humour are there to be
found ;
The crack, joke, and song, round they quickly do ca',
Nor mind they the omens betokening snaw.
At length, with the papers, wee Dicky arrives,
Impatient, the cover the gude man fast rives ;
Then placing his spectacles firm on his nose,
He readeth aloud to them how the world goes—
How many gun-boats there are crowding Bou-
logne—
How the army of England the shore it does
throng—
What grand gasconades are made by the Conven-
tion,
Gasconades which a Briton would blush but to
mention
“ Dear father,” quoth Jenny, “ what are these
gun-boats ?
That they will cause us trouble, I have my ain
doubts ;

For the French have been always a thorn on our
side,

And their Popish religion I cannot abide."

"Their sodgers these gun-boats are meant to bring
o'er,

But no rude invader shall land on our shore ;
Their gun-boats dare never appear on the sea,
So for their bravadoes affrighten'd not be."

" But," quoth the gudewife, " if you'll read Mr
Peden,

A man the most sceptic may even confide in,
He says, at Kirkeudbright they surely will lan',
And that 'bout the time that the barley is sown.
And Peden was no doubt a right godly man,
Who steadfast and firm by the truth still did stan';
That he was prophetic will clearly appear,
Perhaps to our cost, even this very year."

" Such nonsense, gudewife, should ne'er enter
your pow,

While fair in the Channel rides brave gallant
Howe ;

If he could them meet in our ain straits of Dover,
Not even one Frenchman would ever come over."

Says Johnny, "Even should they set sail and get
o'er,
Wi' bold volunteers we'll attack them on shore;
For our king and our country we'll spend our
heart's blood ;
We Britons may fall, but shall ne'er be subdued."
In such conversation night passes away,
Until the gudeman he says, "Come let us pray ;"
When they all unite in religious devotion,—
A practice most worthy of our imitation.

PART SECOND.

But scarce had soft slumbers closed their eyes,
When storms truly dreadful did forthwith arise ;
The wind blew so loud, and so thick fell the snow,
That Nature seem'd warring with mortals below.
At the noise of the storm the storemaster arose,
The pale shepherds start from their short-lived
repose ;
But the storm and the darkness so did them affray,
That, anxious they wait for the dawning of day.

By the dawn, every shepherd repairs to his flocks,
 The icicles frizzling his beard and his locks ;
 So dark is the drift, that he scarcely can tell
 Which way to pursue, to the Kaim or greenfell.
 For the fierce howling wind it continues to blow,
 And tosses about the light volatile snow ;
 The wreaths they are deeply heap'd up in each lee,
 That our shepherd can scarce either walk, breathe,
 or see.

For his flock, by this time, he's in heavy alarm,
 And he bendeth his course straight unto the Kaim ;
 The storm it continues, and still does increase,
 O'erwhelming our shepherd with doubt and distress.
 He's also in peril from craig and from scar,
 With dangers at hand, and worse dangers afar !
 His mind is bewilder'd as well as his eye,
 Yet still pushes on, but knows not where nor why.
 But the clouds now depart, and appears the blue
 sky,

When the wandering shepherd around casts his eye ;
 But through a false medium each object is seen—
 And sure these are not the famed hills of Dalveen.

Pondering long with himself which tract to pursue,
 The moss-cover'd stone now appears in his view ;
 In transport, he cries, "I may still reach my home,
 For yonder, Lo ! yonder's the moss-cover'd stone."
 In June and in July when weather was fair,
 To this fav'rite stone he was wont to repair,
 And under its shade, from morning till noon,
 He would pore upon Blair, Smith, Robertson,
 Hume.

But still the swollen stream at length he must
 cross,
 Which how to accomplish he's much at a loss,
 Quite up to its banks with lopper 'tis swell'd,
 Yet not to that barrier his bravery will yield.
 All his skill, resolution, and courage, he needs,
 The attempt now he makes, and he so far succeeds.
 He gaineth the bank ; but now woeful my tale,
 On the wreath he sinks lifeless,—the storm does
 prevail.

His dog then commenced a most pitiful howl ;
 Is it reason ? not reason, dogs have not a soul ;

But instinct is strong in the true canine kind,
So home the dog hurries as swift as the wind.
By this time the fam'ly, all fearful of harm,
At sight of poor Chieftain, were fill'd with alarm ;
By his whining and mourning he seemeth to say,
My master lies lifeless, haste, haste, come away !
In search of the shepherd forthwith they do hie,
And Chieftain, sage Chieftain, he pointeth the
way,
To his master conducts them laid low on the snow,
So chilled, the blood curdles and ceases to flow.
Their strength they exert, and the body convey,
And long to restore animation essay ;
While rubbing with flannel at length they deserv
Some symptoms of life which do gladden the eye.
Our shepherd's again to his family restored ;
Let an all-powerful Providence still be adored.
For many their homes left the morn of that day
Whose spirits departed from their houses of clay.

ON SOLITUDE.

O Solitude ! sweet are thy charms,
 Though known to, and valued by few,
 Who love to repose in thy arms,
 The Muses and Science to woo.

Yes ! Science doth fly to the shade
 Just like a coy virgin, 'tis true,
 Who wishes the more to engage
 Her lover her still to pursue.

She'll prompt thee with an eagle eye.
 Nature's hidden works how to scan,
 Where at every step you'll descry
 How powerful is th' Almighty hand.

If thy genius do soar aloft,
 And among the planets do climb ;
 The farther you do stretch your thought,
 The subject it is more sublime.

Modest Newton, illustrious sage,
 The comet's wild flight did pursue,
 Its course eccentric to the age
 By problems demonstrating true.

Still systems beyond systems roll,
 Which instruments ne'er can explore ;
 Even the keen prying eye of the soul
 By expansion loses its power.

For still there's a limit to thought,
 Beyond which she cannot extend ;
 Then let her remain where she ought,
 On things which she can comprehend.

Then through the garden I'll stray,
 And enjoy a delicious treat ;
 The warblers sing sweet on the spray,
 And perfumes the senses do greet.

The tulips such beauties display,
 That art is obliged to recoil ;
 The painter with colours so gay,
 Must always come off with the foil.

The auricula such sweets doth bestow,
 That rewardeth the gardener's toil,
 So modestly still it does blow,
 That I would be loath it to soil.

The carnation, choicest of flowers,
 Exhibits a curious crown ;
 On it I could gaze for some hours,
 And scarce think a moment was flown.

The jessamine smelleth so sweet,
 With the honey suckle seeming to vie,
 To crop them I do not think meet,
 Their treasures I leave to the bee.

Next, I will repair to the wild,
 And nature's bold features admire,
 Where rocks upon rocks they are piled,
 And unto the clouds do aspire.

The eagle there buildeth her nest,
 Free from the intrusion of man,
 Of her brood he can't her divest,
 His attempts on her dwelling are vain.

Here nature does sterile appear,
 Of vegetable life seems bereft ;
 If you will approach but more near,
 You'll find wild flowers and fruits of the best.

The fox-glove here loveth to dwell ;
 And fragrant thyme creeps along ;
 Bill-berries in flavour excell—
 Most fruits that the garden do throng.

Is there aught in creation, come say,
 That appeareth without a design ;
 Sure they do great weakness betray
 That reason for fable resign.

On yon mountain brow I'll recline,
 Secluded from each human eye,
 Where anxious I will woo the Nine,
 And haply a stanza will try.

For poesy's a theme I do love,
 And fain would unto it aspire ;
 If I but the passions could move,
 It is all that I seek or desire.

Could I touch the strings of the heart,
 And softly make them to vibrate,
 The joy it to me would impart,
 Would be more than I dare to narrate.

I'd not envy the sovereign his crown,
 Nor noble his garter nor star ;
 I would live in sweet Solitude,
 From the bustle of bus'ness afar.

I will to the brook now descend,
 And in angling exert all my skill ;
 But my pastime I cannot defend,
 I use all endeavours to kill.

My counterfeit fly I display
 On purpose the fish to allure ;
 But under my colours so gay
 There's a deadly hook to be sure.

How like the seducer's my art,
 Who uses all means to entice,
 If once they can conquer the heart,
 Of innocence they make a prize.

But surely impotent's the law
 That allows such fiends to escape,
 In our code there must be a flaw,
 Or else they would dance in a rape.

The forest now I will explore,
 Where Solitude holdeth her reign ;
 Where druids did worship of yore,
 And did holy Misleto obtain.

The deer there at large he does brouze,
 And reckons the forest his own ;
 The hare's not afraid of the noose ;
 Nor fox of the hunter and hound,

The cushet she percheth aloft,
 And buildeth her nest quite secure ;
 The blackbird with melody soft
 Beguileth the tedious hour.

Old Echo reclines in her cave,
 And catches the sounds as they fly,
 Her answers they will not deceive,
 If you doubt it, you have but to try.

When weather confines me at home,
 In reading my hours I'll employ ;
 The hist'ry of Grecce and of Rome,
 Are treats I can always enjoy.

The Grecians of courage so bold,
 Did conquer on Marathon's field ;
 At Thermopylæ's pass, we are told,
 They fell, still disdaining to yield.

Lycurgus and Solon so wise
 Their laws upon reason did found,
 Which made their republics to rise,
 Thus placed on a basis so sound.

Philosophy there reared her crest,
 Illumining Socrates' school,
 Whose merits by all are confess,
 For virtue was ever their rule.

And smooth did that eloquence flow
 Which passion can curb and control ;
 And numbers harmonious, you know,
 Both mould and enoble thy soul.

The arts in full lustre did shine,
 The pencil and chisel so true,
 Awakened impressions sublime,
 So faithful the portraits they drew.

But Faction exalting her head,
 Made glory and grandeur to mourn,
 And hasten'd their ruin indeed,
 Since they were subdued in their turn.

Now Rome's pregnant page I'll pursue,
 Where ambition's worst deeds meet my eye ;
 But still to their principles true,
 Unfetter'd their Eagles did fly.

With bold and yet lenient hand,
 They 'stablish'd their sovereign rule,
 Their strength our respect may command,
 As it shows wisdom, prudence, and skill.

Their vict'ries, which dazzling appear,
 Their skill and their courage display ;
 But, alas ! they cost many a tear,
 For they swept countless millions away.

Their laws by each nation revered,
 Their policy, too, was profound ;
 Where ever their Eagles were rear'd
 Industry did there most abound.

Their virtue we can't but admire,
 It speaks with such force to the heart ;
 A Brutus respect does require,
 As he acted a glorious part.

But luxury's feculent stream
 At last did intoxicate so,
 That they never awoke from their dream
 Till caught and o'errun by the foe.

Thus empires decline to their fall,
 As history clearly doth show,
 There's no good abiding at all—
 All mutable here is below.

Thus Solitude still I will prize,
 Far, far from ambition and strife ;
 A word I will speak to the wise,
 'Tis—Solitude sweeteneth life.

But not like the bigotted Monk
 My time I would wish to employ,
 So deep in observances sunk,
 And so full of religion's alloy.

A rational plan I'll pursue,
 Endeav'ring the mind to improve ;
 Of mankind I'll take a brief view,
 And mark how the passions do move.

What a field to my eye doth appear!
 There's nothing so complex as man ;
 My powers will not reach it, I fear,
 Yet the theme I'll essay as I can.

On glory some are so intent,
 It makes them all danger despise---
 They dread not the battle's event
 Where honour alone is the prize.

Yes, power has her votaries too,
 Intent upon sovereign rule,
 All means they employ and pursue
 To compass the wish of their soul.

Wealth, wealth it is greatly desired,
 And look'd on as life's all in all ;
 It purchaseth all that's required,
 From the Crown to the cobbler's stall.

But still blacker passions there are,
 O'er which I would fain draw a veil ;
 But truth, I am bound to declare,
 And candour must always prevail.

In tyranny's features so stern
 See cruelty plainly appear,
 With her Hydra talons of iron,
 She mankind in pieces would tear.

Lust and violence aye in her train,
 Rape and murder twin-sisters surround ;
 God grant these may ne'er cross the main,
 Nor pollute with their tread British ground.

There lurks 'neath yon dark clouded brow
 Grim Malice, curs'd offspring of Hell ;
 Such black deeds in privaey brew,
 As shock human nature to tell.

In his dark scowling mind there's no peace,
 Of every thing good he's bereft ;
 But conscience to sting will not cease,
 His punishment's in his own breast.

When night re-asserts her dark reign
 Ensanguin'd revenge steps abroad,
 Then lifts the assassin his arm,
 Contemning the laws of his God.

His blood like a furnace does boil,
 While quiet from his pillow doth fly ;
 Dread remorse takes firm hold of the soul—
 Despair does appear in his eye.

There stalketh hypocrisy grave,
 Of sanctity making a boast ;
 Whose object is still to deceive,
 To honour and honesty lost.

Falsehood it does from her proceed—
 Oppression's stern rod he doth sway ;
 Self-interest's a part of her creed—
 Her trust she does always betray.

Ingratitude still does neglect
 The debt unto friendship that's due ;
 And treateth with cold disrespect
 Friends from whom e'en her fortune did flow.

How base does such conduct appear,
 To true magnanimity lost !—
 Yet many such people there are
 Who of cunning and guile make a boast.

But now I will change the dark scene,
 And try to exhibit to you
 A picture that is more serene,
 And pleasanter far to the view.

See Prudence, with aspect so sage,
 Examine all matters by rule,
 No project her eare can engage
 Without the assent of the will.

Each scheme in her wisdom is form'd,
 All consequences justly she weighs—
 'Gainst guile, fraud, and anger, thus arm'd,
 She Reason's safe dictates obeys.

Kind temperance the passions control,
 And virtue her conduct does sway,
 Suppressing each tumult of soul,
 Lust and cruelty chasing away.

Sobriety sweeteneth health,
 The faculties clear doth preserve—
 Points to honour, distinction, and wealth,
 And bids us prepare for the grave.

While Justice suspendeth the scales,
 Our merits impartial to weigh ;
 Strict rectitude with her prevails,
 Her trust she'll by no means betray.

Such deeds as it seems meet to do,
 By us and our brethren mankind,
 Such justice we also should show,
 With cheerful and resolute mind.

Firm Fortitude braveth distress,
 And sweet on misfortune can smile ;
 Though poverty sorely may press,
 She'll ne'er wear the semblance of guile.

If duty,—stern duty,—require
 The greatest of dangers to face,
 Entrench'd in high honour secure,
 She death e'en can welcome in peace.

Faith fixes her anchor secure,
 Infidelity's tempests to brave ;
 Her bark Unbelief can't unmoor,
 Herself she'll not trust on its wave.

The patriarchs and prophets of old,
 In the promises saw such accord,
 That their faith wax'd so strong and so bold,
 That the dead e'en to life they restored.

Hope sootheth and sweeteneth life,
 Enables misfortune to bear ;
 With happiness ne'er is at strife,
 But drieth up many a tear.

It is not confined to this scene,
 But beyond the grave does extend ;
 If we cherish the bleas'd gospel scheme,
 That hope secures life without end.

True charity suffereth long,
 Nor vaunteth nor envieth not ;
 Is modest, nor seeketh her own ;
 Nor duty will ever forget.

Those deeds we wish others to do,
 To us and likewise to mankind,
 Such duties we'll cheerful bestow,
 With ready and resolute mind.

How beautiful it is to see
 The heart throb at tales of deep woe,
 And sympathy moistening the e'e,
 Make the tear of compassion to flow !

Thus I have endeavoured to paint
 A picture of my solitude ;
 But my colours, alas ! they are faint ;
 Of strength and of energy void.

Permit me, before I do close,
 To you, gentle Reader, commend,
 In solitude oft to repose,—
 'Tis a true and a faithful friend.

For Solitude softens the heart,
 And there does make virtue to grow ;
 If culture you on it impart,
 It will a rich harvest bestow.

Yet still I should wish for a friend,
 On whom I could always rely ;
 My happiness it would extend,
 As friendship's a sweet social tie.

And if Heaven would competence give,
 All grandeur and state I'd despise ;
 Contented and frugal I'd live,
 And endeavour in virtue to rise.

A RESEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

CONTENTMENT, thou sweet'ner of life,
 In what blest abode dost thou dwell ?
 Free from malice, detraction, and strife,
 Say, lovest thou poverty's dell ?

On Hope's buoyant wings dost thou soar ?

Or lurk'st thou in Sympathy's bower,
Where Charity's hands are stretch'd far,
In relieving the wants of the poor ?

Thee I've sought in the palace of kings ;
Lo ! thou wert not there to be found ;
Crowns are gewgaws and troublesome things ;
There are thorns on their pillows of down.

Yes, Royalty is but a load,
Else, why does the old beggar sing,
While the king on his throne is found sad,
While fell care his bosom does wring ?

We're counsel'd by History of yore,
Thou'rt not chain'd to the conqueror's car ;
He that conquer'd the wide world, therefore,
Wept, because he could conquer no more.

A triumph's a dazzling show,
Well fitted to tickle the crowd ;
But, from widows and orphans tears flow,
Every trophy to stain and enshrowd.

When from courtier thou art afar,
 His flattering tongue you detest ;
 His friendship that's never sincere,
 At best's in hypocrisy dress'd.

A pension some gladly will take,
 And strain every nerve to obtain ;
 But, they honour and principle stake,
 The much wished-for mammon to gain.

In the patriot's bosom so bold,
 I deem'd thee I surely would find ;
 As Hampden and Sidney of old,
 Their life for their country resign'd.

But, in these our degenerate days,
 A patriot's a name for a trade ;—
 “ Down, down with the ministry base,
 And set us up over their head !”

Thee, Philosophy, claims as her own,
 But I'll give her a hint by the bye ;
 As a friend she does oft thee disown,
 As witness her own prying eye.

Latent secrets she may us still show,
 In earth, water, fire, and in air ;
 The more knowing, the more she would know,
 Which filleth her sage head with care.

With the poet thou never dost lodge,
 His ambition and passion's so strong ;
 All startled thou fliest to the clouds,
 And lookest back on the fool with a frown.

His satire and lampoons so hard,
 Are the prickling quicksets of life ;
 Truth dress'd in plain Honesty's garb,
 Is the sweetest composer of strife.

Not under a mitre thou'rt real,
 Nor beneath a plain presbyter's garb,
 Nor yet in sectarian zeal,
 Nor infidels' principles hard.

The Church is in danger, he cries ;
 The faith it is trampled upon ;
 The Church she is wrong I descry,
 Both your faith and your Church I disown.

In the miser's bright hoards thou art not ;
 No ; gold has no power thee to buy ;
 His lank cheek and old tattered coat,
 Are warrants that thou art not nigh.

Old Platus his idol he makes,
 And worshippeth therefore withall ;
 If he can but add to the stakes,
 He seems not to care for his soul.

On Willy that follows the plough,
 Thou dost most auspiciously smile ;
 His conduct's straight as his furrow,
 And his heart is kept free from all guile.

Yet still his dear charmer's black eyes
 Do wound and embitter his soul ;
 For, although his addresses she flies,
 His passion he cannot control.

In the cottage thy features are bold,
 But view it with microscope eye,
 That e'en can minuteness unfold,
 A want of it there thou'l descry.

There Poverty oft rears her head,
 The seeds of contention to sow ;
 There babes are seen pining for bread,
 Which parents have not to bestow.

With the meek and the lowly in heart,
 Thou lovest to fix thy abode ;
 Through life's storms thou their comforter art,
 And at death wafts their souls to their God.

ON THE MANNERS OF THE AGE.

COULD I depicture in my page
 The manners of this flippant age,
 O how the Beau it would enrage !—
 Likewise the Belle ;
 The Poets they would curse in rage,
 And send to h---ll.

But, as their smile I do not court,
 Nor dread their frown nor bad report,
 If my weak Muse shall lend support,

And favour shew,
 In spite of all their scoffs and sport,
 Yet on I'll go.

If you desire to be in fashion,
 You must deprecate Revelation,
 And, turning Deist by profession,

The Bible scoff ;
 At bugbear Consciencee and Damnation,
 Laugh like a cuiſ.

And, next, to give yourself an air,
 You must peruse Pain, Hume, Voltaire ;
 Then you'll pass for a man of lair,

And seem right shrewd,
 When you your principles declare,
 Among the crowd.

Go, then, familiarize yourselves,
 With famed romances and novels ;

Peruse them close, and nothing else—

Yes, meditate
On lovers, heroes, witches, elves,
From dawn till late.

Next, holding up to high derision
The ancient pillars of our nation,
That brought about the Reformation.

In Church and State ;
Will serve to rouse the indignation
Of small and great.

You must be ready at a call,
To attend the masquerade and ball ;
Ecstatic pleasures do them call,
To please the fair ;
Your part act well before them all,
Show talents rare..

The Theatre, also, close attend,
And hear the Play from end to end ;
Hiss loudly whiles, and whiles commend
With great applause ;

Then you'll be thought to understand
The drama's laws.

The gaming table, Britain's bane,
The attention of our beaux does claim ;
Even hoary age,—for shame ! for shame !—
 You'll meet with there ;
With wine and losses quite insane,
 In black despair.

And even the female sex, I see,
Is not from the contagion free ;
How shocking 'tis to modesty,
 To see the fair,
Associate with such company
 As meeteth there !

See, to the brothel straight repair
The sharper and the hopeful heir ;
Even men of character more fair,
 Duly perform
Their visits to the Cyprian fair,
 Nor think it harm.

Here they do finish the debauch—
 Bacchus and Venus, joyous match,
 Do spread their blandishments, to catch
 Their votaries ;
 Perhaps a purse, perhaps a watch,
 Must pay the fees.

Now, fell remorse of them takes hold—
 An aching head, and loss of gold,
 Makes penitents of the most bold ;
 But, deep in sin,
 They, like the sow to the mire, we're told,
 Return again.

Next, on the constitution seize,
 A loathsome, virulent disease,
 Which power of med'cine cannot ease,
 So gross and foul ;
 Both night and day it does them tease,
 Body and soul.

To church, too, punetually repair,
 Upon a day, just onée a-year,

And join yourself in public prayer ;
 Strictly enjoin'd
 By those that sway the rod of power,
 Wisdom profound.

And always make a good report
 Of every thing that's done at court ;
 The Ministry you must support,
 With speeches warm ;
 The patriot, next, straight make your sport,
 Laugh at reform.

If still in verse you wish to shine,
 Freely let loose the moral rein,
 And swear all pleasures are divine,
 Thus unto sense,
 Your pages will each youth incline,
 With mind intense.

Life's giddy years thus quickly pass,
 And age advances on apace ;
 A retrospect, alas ! alas !
 Cannot give peace

To those stretch'd on a bed of death,
Waiting relief.

But, if in Virtue's course you steer,
Of rocks and quicksands you'll keep clear ;
And when the haven you draw near,
Tho' rough the storm,
Faith's anchor quiets every fear,
Its hold is firm.

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OCTOBER, 1809, BEING
HIS LATE MAJESTY'S JUBILEE DAY.

SOUND, sound ! the silver trumpets sound ;
Their clarion diffuse around ;
Let plains, and woods, and hills, and sky,
Resound with GEORGE's Jubilee !

Thy glorious, long-protracted reign,
Full of eventful deeds has been ;

No tyranny, that baneful thing,
E'er stain'd the honour of the King.

Under thy mild, paternal sway,
These lands do happiness enjoy,
Far, far above all other lands,
That suffer under tyrants' hands.

The good example thou dost show,
Like the pure streamlet, will bestow
Its salutary influence clear,
On all that do approach it near.

Religion's dictates man obeys ;
Oft from the idle love of praise ;
But thee that principle dost guide,
Which lasting pleasure must provide.

Bright science thou dost patronize,
And art exciting high emprise ;
Still prompting sages to explore
Deep subjects unexplored before.

Yes, Art, beneath thy fostering care,
 Advances to perfection rare;
 In excellency seems to rise
 To heights unknown in former days.

Long, long may'st thou the sceptre sway!
 And when thou leav'st this house of clay,
 Thy royal virtues will thee raise
 Unto a throne above the skies.

A POETICAL BILL.

WITHIN the Coffee-house, Dumfries,
 Full three months after date of this,
 To me, or to my order, pay,
 Pounds sterling fifty pointedly,
 Value received from A. B.,
 Unto C. D. in E. F. G.

MORAL.

*And if you with this should not comply,
I'll send for Captain instantly,
And safely lodge you in the cage,
Where you may lie and die of age.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MERCIFUL AND CRUEL CREDITOR.

C.

Roup ! yes, I will roup every thing that he has,
Cows, horses, and sheep—beds, bedding, and claise,
And lodge him in prison, where he may remain
Till his freedom by law he contrives to regain.

M.

And what of his family then will become ?
Poor, pennyless, friendless, without even a home ;
Though Fortune her favours now thick on you
shower,
Her will to control is above human power.

C.

That I'm not a spendthrift I hope and believe ;
 I make no bad bargains as you may perceive ;
 The creditor's claim I did never yet spurn,
 And all I demand is my due in return.

M.

But prudence—a principle rather severe,
 Is selfish, philosophers sometimes aver,
 Benevolence too it may check and restrain,
 Till each feeling's absorbed in the passion for gain.

C.

I am not unjust—no mortal e'er said
 That my word I e'er broke, or my trust e'er
 betray'd ;
 But what is my own I'm determined to have,
 Philosopher's maxims I will not observe.

M.

Go study the Scriptures, and there you will see
 How a king from a debt his servant did free ;
 But instead of doing as he was done by,
 By his fellow-servant he dealt cruelly.

And when of his conduct his lord he was told,
 He caused the tormentors of him to take hold,
 And keep him in durance till he should repay
 All debts that his master against him could lay.

Such, then, is the mandate that comes from above,
 If we should extend not true brotherly love,
 Our Creator no mercy unto us will show,
 As the Bible impresses—our standard below.

THE DEBTOR'S LAMENTATION.

YE who are nursed in Fortune's lap,
 On whom sweet plenty smiles,
 Think, O ! think on the weary wretch,
 The inmate of a jail !

In life's gay morn my sun shone clear,
 Unclouded was my sky ;
 But now all's dark and dreary here,
 And woes, sad woes, for I.

Imprudent acts enow I've done,
Which with the best may be ;
But from each mean and fraudulent art
My honest heart's still free.

To think on former follies past
Does harrow up my soul,
And makes the salt, salt briny tears,
Quick down my cheeks to roll.

Coop'd up within these gloomy walls,
From wife and children torn,
What consolation have I left,
But weary here to mourn.

O ! could my humble honest plaint
Reach noble H——t,
Benevolence, that's in her breast,
Would open straight the gate.

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

O LOVELY Mary, could my heart
Its flame impart to you ;
It rolling Danube could not quench,
Nor the Atlantic too.

There's something in these jet-black eyes
That speaks with witching art ;
There's something in those cherry cheeks
That wounded has my heart.

Those heaving breasts of purest snow
My senses do confound ;
Those lips so moisten'd o'er with dew,
Still deeper strike the wound.

But beauty without virtue is
A mere nonentity ;
But when united with each grace,
Its powers who can defy.

In thee does reign conspicuous
 That quality divine,
 Which is admired by sage and grave,
 And worthiest of mankind.

Oh, pay attention to my suit,
 Don't drive me to despair;
 But softly whisper in my ear
 An answer to my prayer.

The sound would vib'rate through my breast,
 Make my heart's blood to boil,
 No earthly pleasure e'er could yield
 Such transport to my soul.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL MISCELLANY, AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

LADS and Lasses, tune your voices,
 Sing with glee the jocund catch;
 While you're young be blyth and merry,
 But your morals strictly watch.

In your breast ne'er let vice enter;—

From envy keep your heart still free;

Make virtue still your close companion;

Contented live and peaceful die.

BONAPARTE'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

Written extempore upon reading the twenty-ninth Bulletin, published after his arrival at Paris.

BONAPARTE he says to wily Murat,
For God's sake from Moscow let us get away;
For if in vain boasting here time we delay,
That bold testy Russian wont give us fair play.

For travelling companion, O, who shall I find?—
Caulincourt who murdered the Duke d'Enghine.
And if by the Cossacks surrounded I be,
No scruple they'll have to sacrifice me.

A sledge for his Highness they quickly prepare,
To which there was harnessed two lusty rein-deer,
And then at full scamper bold Bonny set off,
Pursued by the Cossacks and brave old Platoff.

At Smolensko they nearly had captured the knave;
But he sacrificed thousands his own life to save—
And on his brave army now turning his tail,
For honour and honesty gave them leg-bail.

At Warsaw, in passing, he made a short call,
But the lancers of Poland he liked not at all ;
Since Fortune the jilt has on him turn'd her back,
There are few friends indeed when nought's in
the pack.

Yet again the fiend is arrived at St Cloud's,
With his laurels all tarnish'd and torn into shreds ;
And how he did come off will clearly be seen,
If you study the famed twenty-ninth bulletin.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

PART FIRST.

O come, inspiring Muse! come to my aid,
 And through my breast thy quickening influence
 shed:

Teach me what numbers to reject, what choose,
 That critics keen may not my lays abuse.

My theme's not now those artless past'ral lays,
 That trump the husbandman's well needed praise,
 Nor of deep statesmen, nor of court intrigues;—
 These, I for Pindar leave, and those for sturdy
 whigs.

I sing of War—stern War's gigantic stride,
 Which long has desolated Europe wide,—
 Princes from states, and kings from empires hurled,
 And proved the bane and ruin of the world.

Then unto Brussels let us take a bound,
 And see what food's amidst the Flemings found;

Perhaps we'll hear the murdering cannons roar,
Or find the city sack'd and drenched in gore.

Speed, speed your wings across the roaring main,
And quickly bear me to the Belgian plain,
For great events will shortly happen there—
The Gallic host's in motion front and rear.

Through evening clouds we onward steer our
course,
Still hoping good, but still afraid for worse ;
Each meteor gleam, and each obtruding cloud
Do unto us appear old Europe's shroud.

But hark ! what pleasing sounds fall on mine ear,
'Tis not the bugle, harbinger of war,
Nor the arousing—animating drum,
At whose known sounds our warriors forth do
come.

'Tis violin, violincello, fife, basson,
Mirth, Music's vot'ries, there in youthful bloom,
Are tripping on the light fantastic toe—
What thin partitions separate mirth and woe !

There, Belgian ladies in their best array
The Loves and Graces artfully display,
All Love's artillery with skill they wield,
Our warlike youth can scarcely keep the field.

The revelry has now attained its height,
On meteor wings hath flown away the night—
The short-liv'd night down Lethe's stream is flown,
And sounds far different usher in the morn.

PART SECOND.

A messenger arrives on foaming steed,
And to the Duke repairs with breathless speed,
“Napoleon is arrived—and in his rage,
The Brunkswickers and Prussians does engage.”

To arms ! to arms ! the doubling drum is beat,
And horn responsive long the call repeats,
All now is bustle, hurry, and disorder,
One grasps his arms, another mounts his charger.

What plaints and tears now overwhelm the fair!
 Each female heart throbs thick with dread and
 fear;
 To husbands, brothers, sons, and sweet-hearts true,
 Perhaps they now must bid a last adieu.

Quick they are rallied, marshalled in array,
 No fear their motions or their looks betray,
 No Grecian phalanx e're appear'd more bold,
 Nor Roman legion so much famed of old.

For Quatre Bras their course they lightly bend,
 Assistance to the Brunswickers to lend,
 Whose feeble bands retreating are amain,
 Whose noble prince upon that field lies slain.

The Brunswickers did bravely play their part,
 No courage quailed the gallant soldiers' heart;
 But overwhelming numbers must prevail;—
 Thus at Thermopylae the Spartans fell.

Now to the conflict do our troops advance,
 And meet in style the deep'ning squares of France,

Tho' hardly press'd they firmly keep their ground,
Glory or death the watch-word round and round.

Nine thousand of the Highlanders and guards
(Entitled to their country's best rewards,)
Kept Ney and fifty thousand French at bay,
In spite of odds and milit'ry essay.

But many a gallant soldier strew'd the field,
Determin'd still to conquer—not to yield ;
Such magnanimity possessed them all—
They only thought how gloriously to fall.

At length our cavalry arrive at speed,
Their succour brave to lend in time of need ;
The combat to renew all—all are bent,
To drub the vaunter to his heart's content.

Upon that field of blood all night they lay,
And offer'd battle to the foe next day ;
Which was by him assiduously declined
When British bayonets he call'd to mind.

PART THIRD.

Our chief thought proper slowly to retreat,
That he brave Blucher and his force might meet,
And unmolested by the wary foe,
Took up that fine position Waterloo.

His skill it did appear quite at command,
In choosing such a place to make his stand,
Where British prowess could itself exert,
And every corps have room to play its part.

Evening's dark curtain veils the face of day,
Our piquets placed, our army's in array,
Upon our arms we purpose all to rest,
But sleep and peace flee from the human breast.

No shelter had our brave intrepid band,
The heavens their canopy, their bed the sand,
While o'er their heads portentous thunders roll,
And vivid lightning flash from pole to pole.

The rain in copious torrents doth descend,
 That scarce their powder could the brave defend ;
 O ! think all you whom fortune safe does shield,
 The hardships, perils, dangers, of the field !

What anxious thought possesses every heart !
 What manly firmness every soul exerts !
 All, all are wishing for the dawn of morn,
 And such a wish we cannot treat with scorn.

PART FOURTH

At length does dawn that most eventful day,
 Which I shall now endeavour to pourtray ;
 O come, my muse, and do assistance lend,
 For on your aid my success must depend !

Terrific cannons, engines old of war,
 Disgorging metal showers, deal death afar
 O'er the extended field of Waterloo,
 As if each vital spark quick to subdue.

Earth's firm foundations they do seem to shake,
 And war's astounding roar makes cities quake ;
 As when old Etna from his bowels doth pour,
 Midst smoke and flame, ignited floods of ore,

Their famed cuirassiers now in steel advance,
 An exhibition of the power of France ;
 Britannia's sons still dauntless them receive,
 With three loud cheers—the signal of the brave,

Thus in their armour they are quite secure,
 And think they will bear down all them before ;
 But mark our cavalry advance a main,
 And quick with horse and rider strew the plain.

What can the nervous British arm resist,
 When lifted in the cause of the oppress'd !
 Each soldier is a hero in the cause
 Of Liberty, Religion, wholesome Laws !

Their massive columns dark do next advance,
 Still to prolong the destinies of France ;
 Our line is firm—determined one and all,
 To conquer for their country, or to fall.

Upon our front they nearer press and near,
 While countless bullets hurtle through the air ;
 But even these messengers of death seem slow,
 So to close combat rush the impetuous foe.

Now bayonet on bayonet doth ring,
 And numbers to the ground our heroes bring :
 In spite of opposition stern and stout,
 Monsieur is forced to march to right about.

In vengeance still against our gallant bands,
 Square follows square, urged by his stern
 commands ;

As walls of brass, our sons sustain the shock,
 Make them recoil as waves from Ailsa rock.

The sun, as if in sorrow, hid his face,
 To see such carnage 'mong the human race ;
 But when our heroes did exert their might,
 His rays he darted with fulgence bright.

Now, as a last and desperate effort,
 To the Old Guards the Emperor does resort,
 And with his usual gasconading praise,
 Strives hard their drooping courage 'gain to raise.

“ Ye, who did win Marengo’s bloody field,
 At Jena conquer’d, thou’rt my strength and shield,
 To all my vict’ries you did pave the way,
 As your proud banners strikingly display.

“ You see yon week enfeebled British host,
 An easy prey, they’re still within our grasp ;
 Forward advance—to Brussels there’s the way,
 Its richest spoils your dangers shall repay.”

Enthusiastic ardour all does fill—
 Onward they march to share the proffer’d spoil ;
 But ah ! the lion coucheth for his prey,
 His country’s cause he never will betray.

When drum and bugle soundeth to the charge,
 Bravely our heroes do advance at large ;
 A common feeling animates the whole,
 As if possessed of Fingal’s arm and soul.

Such panic seizes on the Gallic host,
 Their blazon’d tactics, in a moment lost—
 Squares, squadrons, Gen’rals, Marshalls, Emperor
 —all
 Fly thick like dust, or by our warriors fall.

As rude Tornado sweeping Indian isles,
 Art's proudest works, and Nature's prospects spoils;
 The lofty steeple, that for ages stood ;
 The spreading oak, the "monarch of the wood :"

The princely palace of its domes bereft ;
 And towering pines from top to bottom cleft ;
 All, all lie blended in one common chaos,
 And Nature seems as robb'd of Nature's laws !

Good heavens ! what sights upon the ground
 appear !

What groans, what wailings, now salute the ear !
 O dove-like Peace ! when shall thy angel looks
 Turn spears to ploughs, and swords to pruning
 hooks !

PART FIFTH.

Then come, my muse ! a willing tribute give
 To those who bravely found a soldier's grave ;
 Although my numbers cannot mention all,
 Yet in their country's annals live they shall,

The Royals, Enniskillings and the Greys,
 Richly deserve their country's warmest praise ;
 The prowess, chivalry, they did display,
 Far, far exceeds my weak though willing lay.

The firm, intrepid courage of the Guards,
 Claims Britain's praises, and her best rewards ;
 Steady, determined, persevering, true,
 Nor shot, nor shells, nor flames, could them subdue.

The Highlanders—a bold and faithful race,
 In every country and in every place—
 Where e'er their daring standards are unfurl'd,
 They gain the admiration of the world.

There lies brave Picton, of immortal fame,
 His country's good and glory still his aim ;
 So promptly ay he did obey command,
 He was emphatic stiled, the Chief's right hand.

On yonder field, once furrow'd by the plough,
 The virtuous Ponsonby is lying low ;
 Too soon, alas ! he found a soldier's grave,
 Too soon our hero perish'd with the brave.

Who would not mourn De Lancey's early fall,
 One who enjoy'd the confidence of all ;
 Torn from the arms of true and virtuous love,
 His fate the sympathetic heart must move.

See Curzon fly with speed across the plain,
 With orders prompt unto yon gallant men ;
 A fatal bullet strikes his dauntless breast—
 Praising his friend's address, he sinks to rest.

Heroic Cameron, to his country true,
 At every step the plain with dead bestrews ;
 But to the power of fate he too must yield,
 And close a glorious life upon that field.

And there too doth the brave Carmichael lie,
 Who to good purpose did his time employ
 In planning out this great eventful field,
 Which Britain's fame on basis firm should build.

Tho' stretch'd all lifeless on the blood-dyed ground,
 This plan, fit place ! was near his cold heart found ;
 Nought can be added by the painter's art,
 'Tis painted with the life's blood of his heart.

O could my muse emblazon high their name,
 Who still do live t'enjoy an honest fame ;
 On me it lasting honour would confer,
 I'd claim the bays—let them the laurels wear.

Our noble Chief ! O, trump his virtues wide—
 Flower of our country's chivalry and pride ;
 His matchless powers so nicely balanced are,
 Vict'ry descending settles on his car.

A faithful friend; and firm supporter, still
 He finds in modest, bold, undaunted Hill,
 Whose zeal, whose valour all must sure approve,
 As all his virtues must admire and love.

The gallant Uxbridge fully did display
 His brilliant powers on that eventful day :
 Cook, Maitland, Byng, Clinton, and Adam too,
 Did for their country all that men could do.

Allen, Mitchel, Halkit, Kempt, and Pack,
 Disdain'd upon the foe to turn their back :
 Lambert, Somerset, Vivan, Vandeleur,
 Did every thing to render victory sure.

Brave Saltoun, Home, and stern M'Donald true,
 Not overwhelming numbers could subdue ;
 They held the post entrusted to their care,
 In spite of all the instruments of war.

In short each British soldier that was there,
 Of gratitude deserves an ample share
 From their admiring countrymen at large,
 And ought to be maintain'd at public charge.

Ne'er let it be a stain upon our name,
 That those brave heroes—gallant sons of fame—
 Should be neglected, who subdued our foes,
 And brought the war to a triumphant close.

See public spirit warm pervade the land,
 Unbidden stretching out the lib'ral hand ;
 For whom can sympathy so well await,
 As those who turn'd the battle from our gate ?

The Monument does rise unto the sky,
 Enshrining heroes and their prowess high ;
 But Britons, still to generous feelings true,
 Claim lasting praise for thy Fund Waterloo.

The finest marble will in time decay,
And hardest brass must rust and waste away ;
But grateful feelings ever will endure,
When sun and planets shine—revolve no more.

WRITTEN ON THE 18TH OF JUNE, 1816, BEING
THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE
OF WATERLOO.

AUSPICIOUS day ! to Britons ever dear,
How thy return each patriot's heart must cheer !
Unto thy sun all other suns must bow,
None shines so bright as that of Waterloo.

Emotions various agitate the soul,
Grief pungent, reason cannot yet control ;
Fond memory stirs afresh the bleeding wound,
Relief in tears is only to be found.

O ! mark that maiden with dishevell'd hair,
 Twelve months ago she blossomed fresh and fair ;
 Absent and pale to joy she bids adieu---
 Her William fought and fell at Waterloo !

Lo, pensive sits, at yonder cottage door,
 An aged, decent pair, of morals pure ;
 This day again their sorrows does renew---
 Their gallant Richard fell at Waterloo !

Unceasing see De Lancey's widow mourn,
 And with her tears bedew her warrior's urn ;
 Cease, virtuous dame ! and grief no longer woo---
 The brave De Lancey fell at Waterloo !

But, let us from these woeful scenes depart,
 And mark the warm effusions of the heart ;
 A cheerful gratitude we owe, as due
 To those that bravely fell at Waterloo !

Hark ! list ! the thund'ring cannons loud proclaim
 Britannia's triumph on that field of fame ;
 The joyful bells their peals again renew,
 For Britain's glory gained on Waterloo !

Behold, on Tinto's top the bone-fire blaze,
 From Criffel is illum'd the Solway's wave ;
 Such tribute to their shades is justly due,
 Who strove, nor vainly strove, at Waterloo !

Now, let us view the joyous, festive board,
 And beaming looks of citizen and lord ;
 In flowing bumpers, pleasures they pursue,
 Toasting the brave who fell at Waterloo !

That day enrolled in History's brightest page,
 Unsullied shall descend from age to age ;
 Triumphant liberty will spring from you,
 From the immortal field of Waterloo !

FOR THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

TWICE hath the earth around her orbit roll'd,
 Since on the field the daring foe recoil'd ;
 Before our firm, undaunted, warrior band,
 Whose gallant deeds are known in every land.

Marathon's day is still upon record,
 Where Grecians vanquish'd Persia's sullen lord ;
 Fair Liberty possesses such a charm—
 The soul emboldens, and does nerve the arm.

Aye, Britons know her worth, 'tis very sure ;
 Our sea-girt Isle is her peculiar care ;
 She sits enthroned in every British heart,
 Who will her reign defend in every part.

Britons her cause maintained 'gainst Europe all,
 In every part of this terraqueous ball ;
 Where e'er her glad'ning banners were unfurld,
 Under them fought the saviours of the world.

Stern Tyranny again did lift his brow,
 On the renowned field of Waterloo ;
 Dreadful his front, and terrible his arm—
 His hydra aspect did the world alarm.

Thither Britannia's sons march at command,
 Bearing earth's destinies in their right hand ;
 Generous their souls, their hearts united all,
 Determined by their chief to stand or fall.

Jove, from his throne, upon our sons look'd down,
 Resolved their efforts with success to crown ;
 The great Napoleon now must feel the rod—
 No more at Jena he shall play the god.

His magic baton's power for ever lost,
 No more is dreaded by the British host ;
 Its wave makes not one column disappear.
 Their iron lines eschew each son of fear.

Stern Battle's lowering front does now advance,
 And cased in steel approach the sons of France ;
 Dread was the conflict, and the loss severe,
 But British valour even triumph'd there.

Such grand achievements can't escape the sage ;
 And when in ashes lie this fleeting age,
 Our country's annals will the tale renew,
 How Britain conquer'd France at Waterloo !

AN ADDRESS TO A PARTRIDGE WHO BUILT HER
NEST IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN, IN SUM-
MER, 1816, IN THE MIDST OF A BANK OF
STRAWBERRIES.

I do not think thee an intruder ;
Welcome, thrice welcome, thou'rt indeed,
Under my shelter and protection,
Both thy pouts to hatch and breed.

Nor think thy confidence misplaced ;
For, should thy enemies assail—
And hawk and gled above thee hover,
They shall feel the power of hail.

And when thy nurslings 'gin to flutter,
If the berries they are red,
Sure they're welcome, harmless creatures,
On that dainty dish to feed.

But, when their wings aloft can raise them,
Of me you then will take farewell ;
In some rich corn-field you'll place them,
There till autumn snug to dwell.

Mankind may that lesson learn thee,
While we favours can bestow,
Hundreds cringe and nuckle under,
And submissive to us bow.

But, should Misfortune's storms assail you,
Instantly they'll turn their back,
Crowding round some richer neighbour,
Of his bounty to partake.

But, when the snow lies white on Girning,
And white, too, on the Breedy holm,
'Tis then, perhaps, my old acquaintance
Will her summer's dwelling own.

Should I spy thee from my window,
Though my pittance be but scant,
A handful sure of corn or barley,
Thou shalt never, never want.

**WRITTEN ON OPENING THE DUMFRIES AND
GALLOWAY COURIER OF THE 11TH NOVEM-
BER, 1817, ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF
THE AMIABLE, VIRTUOUS, AND EVER TO BE
LAMENTED PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.**

SUCH doleful black thy columns long enshroud,
That dark forebodings do my eyes becloud ;
Yea flow, flow copiously, ye briny tears,
For Britain's fondest hope now disappears.

Our peerless Princess, lifeless, cold, and low !
A nation's pride is now a nation's woe ;
Mourn, princes, peers, all Britain's fam'ly mourn,
And with your tears bedew her sacred urn.

Oh ! could my muse her virtues but unfold,
Royalty's brightest gem—its purest gold—
No tinsely drapery did her mind adorn,
Her heart was pure as pearly dew of morn.

But view her as a daughter and a wife,
The brightest pattern of domestic life,

Obedient, loving, prudent, and sincere,
Frugal and humble, modest, chaste, and fair.

Benevolence, fair Virtue's handmaid true,
The first, the grandest object in her view.
From earliest life her every thought did sway,
And shone conspicuous to her dying day.

Perceive the poor all sorrowful and sad
Unfeigned bewailing her who made them glad ;
So great her charities she seemed to stand,
The queenly almoner of all the land.

All hoped, expected in the course of things,
She'd be the mother of a race of kings ;
Which ever should a righteous sceptre sway
Over these realms unto the latest day.

Behold the mother and the infant lie
In death's cold arms—O cruel destiny !
But why should we abraign Almighty power ;
Who gave can take—be silent and adore !

AN ADDRESS TO AN OAK.

[On the 29th August, 1818, there was dug from a morass, on the farm of Ingleston, in the parish of Durrisdeer, by order of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, &c. an Oak of the following dimensions :—The trunk was sixty-five feet in length, and as there was a splinter of fourteen feet on the butt end, and no appearance of roots, it is probable it may have been many feet longer. The girth, thirty two and a half feet from the boughs, was nine feet, ten inches, and as both the bark and white wood were decayed, it must originally have been nearly twelve feet in circumference, and have contained, at least, the amazing quantity of five hundred feet of wood. The timber is in a high state of preservation ; and all means are using to prepare it for the hand of the cabinet-maker. From a specimen I have seen, it appears susceptible of the finest polish, exhibits the jet glossy hue of ebony ; and from its rarity, durability, and antiquity, is more valuable than the finest mahogany, and will no doubt ultimately add to the splendour of the princely palace of Drumlanrig.]

HAIL, venerable Oak ! hail to the light,
To Queensberry we owe the wondrous sight
Of thy stupendous uncorrupted mass,
For centuries concealed in deep morass,

Perhaps beneath thy wide extended boughs
 Have Roman legions lodged—old Albion's foes—
 Or underneath thy thick impervious shade,
 Has worshipped oft the superstitious druid.

Thy glory more remote may still have been,
 Before Phœnicians our Isle had seen ;
 E'er foreign vessel anchored on our shore ;
 Or human eye our forests did explore.

Some say that thou art from exotic soil,
 And by the deluge left upon our Isle ;
 Had Britain then emerged from the main ?—
 Geologists that problem can't explain.

Ingenious Archimedes, we are told,
 A vessel built for Syracuseans bold,
 Two of the masts, a learned research has found—
 The main-mast was produced from British ground.

Many a dreadful blast thou hast withstood,
 Thou potent, mighty monarch of the wood ;
 Of warring elements what abides the shock ?
 Not even the solid trunk of hardy oak.

Some eastern hurricane has laid thee low,
 With dreadful crash, upon the mossy flow,
 Where very long inglorious thou hast lain,
 Which British thunder might have born upon the
 main.

Now thou must yonder princely palace grace,
 (A strange vicissitude of form and place !)
 Thy beauties rare will there be brought to view,
 By all that craftsman's art it can bestow.

**LINES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE
 MUCH-LAMENTED CHARLES, LATE DUKE OF
 BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, &c.**

SCARCELY for her the tears had ceased to flow,
 Who Virtue was—if Virtue's e'er below ;
 Too good, alas ! for this sublunar scene ;
 Our heavy loss, but her immortal gain.

The wound of sorrow's made again to bleed,
 Our noble Thane is numbered with the dead ;
 Fallacious are the hopes that here we form—
 Fanned by the breeze, but blasted by the storm.

Anxious for him we wish'd a length of days,
 Still to enjoy the well-earn'd meed of praise ;
 But his are laurels that will bloom on high—
 The blessing of the poor ascends the sky.

Distress he always freely did relieve—
 Whenever reason dictated to give,
 Unasked, ungrudged, his gifts did freely flow,
 His generous heart delighted to bestow.

Upon his country's purse he never drew,
 To serve his friends—which proved the patriot
 true ;

Thus sacred always be the ways and means,
 And ne'er perverted into private ends.

His friendships lasting as they were sincere,
 He ne'er inhaled the pestilental air
 Of calumny—detraction from him spurn'd ;
 Pure in his breast the flame of friendship burn'd.

In camp or court he could have honour gain'd,
 And power—ay, highest power—might e'en at-
 tain'd;

He chose the virtuous path of private life,
 Removed from camps and courts, and public strife.

But cast your eyes far o'er his wide domains,
 'Tis there a lasting monument remains,
 Of grateful feeling, ne'er to be suppress'd
 While gratitude pervades the human breast.

THE LAND OF CAKES.

FROM remote ages have our youth been known,
 In various pursuits far and near to roam.
 Bold and advent'rous from the days of yore,
 Scotsmen you'll find on the most distant shore.

Where to the main majestic Ganges flows,
 On civil business, and to face their foes,

Numbers of Caledonians still you'll find,
Some unto this, and some to that, inclined.

Where Donald firm upon the piquet stands,
And dreary darkness covers all the land,
Back to his native isle his mind repairs,
And fondly rests on scenes of bygone years.

Ben-Nevis' towering top he thinks he sees,
And hears the Ness soft murmuring 'mong the
trees,
Where with his Flora often he has strayed,
And breathed a passion never yet betrayed.

Her well-known form before him now appears,
Her beauties heightened by three absent years,
The phantom to his breast he fain would press,
But ah ! the substance is at Inverness.

Oh, Flora ! fairer than the mountain snow,
Sweeter than woodbine bathed in morning dew ;
If with my Flora I could only be,
Even Iceland would be Caledon to me.

But oh ! the dire effects of Fortune's frown
 Exiled from fields I whilom call'd my own,
 Fortune to follow on a foreign shore,
 And Flora haply ne'er to visit more.

In Indian isles, blest with perpetual spring,
 Blossoms expand, and ripened clusters hing,
 There shrubs unnumbered sweets on sweets ex-
 hale,
 And steep with odour every passing gale.

The splendid mansion, and the spicy grove,
 Invite to mirth, and luxury, and love ;
 But ah ! those pleasures pall—whoe'er partakes
 But sighs more deeply for the land of cakes ?

So Sandy he will leave the Indian isles,
 Capricious Fortune has vouchsafed her smiles ;
 His aged parents and his Mary dear,
 Fondly invite him to his native shore.

The stately bark again is under weigh,
 Each favouring breeze impels her o'er the sea,
 At length Benlomond's peak appears in view,
 What transport fills the son and lover true !

All hail ! ye smiling hills of Caledon !
 Thy rivers, woods, and plains, of high renown !
 What is Hindostan's empire wide to thee,
 Thou seat of learning, art, and liberty !

Lo ! as the bark is nearing quick the Mole,
 Fonder emotions still transport the soul ;
 His father, mother, and his Mary stand,
 To bid him welcome to his native land.

Here all the finest feelings of the heart
 Are summoned up to act their every part ;
 My muse shall therefore make a solemn pause,
 (Unfit to fathom Nature's wondrous laws)
 And leave the exile's kindred to reveal
 All, all they think—all, all they fondly feel.

Where Spaniards journey oft in search of gold,
 With slavery's chain a continent enfold ;
 Now liberty the thrones of despots shakes,
 Amid the heroes of the land of cakes.

But wealth and power are not alone their aim,
 Higher pursuits their best attention claim,

Science invites them to earth's farthest shore,
To add new treasures to their country's lore.

A Bruce and Park did leave their native place,
The Nile and Niger's hidden source to trace.
Even burning Afric ne'er alarms nor shakes
The dauntless heroes of the land of cakes.

In polar regions where the solar rays
A wonderful phenomenon displays ;
There icy hills the rainbow's hues unfold
Transparent silver—and pellucid gold.

Thither old Scotia's fearless sons repair,
In spite of iceberg, whale or polar bear,
In quest of knowledge to instruct mankind,
No other treasures sure they there can find.

But may they ne'er be forced to leave the Spey,
The Don, the Dee, the Forth, the Clyde and Tay ;
Nor yet the fertile banks of Nith or Tweed,—
In other climes to seek an outcast's bread.

While there's a moss to dig, or moor to plough,
Still culture on it may the rich bestow,

And while their bounty the poor man partakes,
Peace—loyalty shall bless the land of cakes.

AN ADDRESS TO A BLACKBIRD,
Which had Stolen some of the Author's Cherries, from a Tree in view of his window, in summer 1819.

AH ! thou little daring robber,
Thy deceit I do discover,
Thy artful song it is the mover
 To sympathy,
Else this tube should pop thee over,
 Full low to lie.

Well may thy carrol sound so clear,
Thy throat's not stuffed with corn or bear,
Thou livest on delicious cheer—
 The cherries plump ;
The stones they are all hanging bare,
 An useless lump.

Thy plumage of jet glossy hue,
 The golden tuft above thy brow,
 Thy sportive freaks from bough to bough
 Done with such ease ;
 But, above all, thy notes so true,
 They do me please.

The tricksiest Italian air
 Which crowded theatres do cheer,
 They cannot ease the brow of care
 Like thy notes true,
 Even Catalani's voice so clear
 Falls short of you.

ANSWER OF THE BLACKBIRD.

Thou hast read me such a lecture,
 Makes my poor little heart to beat,
 And if I rightly do conjecture,
 My song for once prolongs my fate.

You, the lords of the creation,
 Would all appropriate as your own,

Nought leaving for our preservation
 But mocking even our dying groan.

'Mong yourselves I do discover
 Sordid selfishness prevail—
 Brother does o'er-reach his brother;—
 Your case I certainly bewail.

The rich the poor so trample under,
 And upon their vitals prey,
 Oft I marvel—oft I wonder
 They so patiently obey.

See yonder lordling, high in station,
 Figuring fair in splendid show,—
 Tho' in the senate of the nation,
 Scarce he whispers aye or no.

While you yourself a brother songster,
 Altho' your numbers sweetly sound,
 Patiently must knuckle under,
 By stern poverty kept down.

MORAL.

*He clapped his wings, and with shrill whistle,
 Mounted high in midway air ;
 Then I loathed the world's vain bustle,
 The Black-bird envying free from care.*

**A DIALOGUE BETWIXT ROBIN SHREWD AND
 JOCK SPEARA.**

THEIR morning task being over,
 Breakfast got, horse put to clover,
 Upon a dais before the ha',
 Sat Robin Shrewd and Jock Spear-a.

" When thou wast, Rob, a yeunker chiel,
 Did folk go out as soon to till ?
 Were there as many turnips sown--
 Which way did they prepare the lan' ?
 What kind of ploughs, what kind of harrows ?
 What kind of carts, graith, and drill barrows ?

Were horses such as they are now ?
How many put they in the plough ?

ROBIN.

We plough'd nane at this time o' year;
As soon as we got in the bear,
A horse was ne'er ta'en by the head,
Until the peats were fit to lead :
When I a stripling was, like you,
They thought that turnips wadna grow
Upon a holm in Durrisdeer,
Nor on a croft in a' the Keir ;
In gardens they were sown in beds,
Syne nicely cook'd for gentle blades ;
Nane o' them gusted Doddy's maw,
Sic dainty food she budna fa' :
The ploughs were made by the gudemen,
On them were never laid a plane ;
An axe, adze, wimble, gudge, and rule,
They did not use another tool ;
In winter, on the frosty days,
We cutted wood on Carron braes,

And laid it on the banks to dry,
 Syne made our harrows by and bye.
 I've mony a pair o' harrows seen
 Without a single iron pin ;
 Tread-woodies, to their name most true—
 Hazel or saugh frae Carron brow.
 For carts, we hadna ane to yoke,
 Except twa keepit by the Duke ;
 You might hae rode a summer's day,
 Before a cart had cross'd your way.
 Our graith was also made at hame,
 For saddle-makers there were nane ;
 Except, perhaps, 'bout the great towns,
 Which did supply our gentry's grooms.
 We did employ the lang forenight
 In keeping a' our wark-geer right ;
 Brechams, and backrapes, hames, and a'
 We made—the saving was na sma.
 Drill-barrows were not then found out ;
 The occasion often brings about
 The means adapted to the end—
 Necessity's invention's friend.

Our horses then they were but sma',
 A stunted breed—and worst of a',
 They were not fed as they are now,
 They got nae corn to gar them grow,
 In every plough we did put four—
 Twa ousen if we wished mair power,
 Which turn'd a fur like ony drain—
 The deeper plough'd the better grain,
 Even now in what they most do err,
 It is upon this very score :
 Of slightly turning o'er the clod—
 Corn cannot grow without 'tis fed.
 If they would but take my advice,
 A furrow should not be a slice ;
 But near approach unto a square,
 That's cutted smooth—laid straight and fair.

JOCK,

Sure these were unco times indeed ;
 I doubt they would bat come ill speed
 With such kind graith—for carts they'd none,
 To take out muck, lead peats, or corn.

Did they pay ony rents ava ?
 I'm sure they were at best but sma' ;
 How kept the gentry up their rank—
 They oft bud borrow frae the bank ?

ROBIN.

The muck we led with coops and cars ;
 The peats in sacks brought frae the moors ;
 The corn with ears brought also hame,
 Our work we managed in good time ;
 The rents they were not very great,
 Our gentles hadna learn'd the gait
 O' gaun sae aft to Lunnon town—
 They lived at hame on their ain grun ;
 Nae pride was then in a' the lan',
 Even frae the Duke to the gudeman ;
 The minister he wad hae cracket
 A hale forenight wi' auld Malplaquet,
 How in great Marlborough's wars,
 French household troops, and röyal peers,
 At Blenheim did for quarter sue,
 Which granted was by Britons true.

JOCK.

Wha set improvement first on foot,
 Was't Englishman, or lowland Scot ?
 Or some shrewd carle frae Flan'ers lan',
 Whaur ilka kind o' grain is sown ?

ROBIN.

Fletcher of Saulton named langsyne,
 Should be recorded by the Nine ;
 A statesman he, and patriot true,
 And husbandman most famous, too :
 Cockburn of Ormiston, likewise
 Richly deserves his country's praise,
 He her best interest did promote,
 Her agriculture, without doubt :
 The upright and the learned Kaims
 Who also grateful tribute claims,
 His pen to purpose did employ,
 All feudal customs to destroy :
 Much agriculture has to thank
 The shrewd, minute Lord Meadowbank ;

His plans they were so plain indeed,
 That even he that runs may read :
 And Muse, forget not great St Clair,
 Who for his country has done mair
 Than warriors bold, of high renown,
 Who kingdoms by the sword have won ;
 He is the father of the Board,
 Where merit meets with due reward ;
 And knowldge widely is diffused,
 Whene'er each fresh Report's perused.

But dinner-time is drawing near,
 And we maun sit nae langer here ;
 We'll bring the horse in to their corn,
 And doucely end our crack the morn.

Second Day.

JOCK.

ROBIN, I hope you'll keep your word,
 And tell me mair about the Board,

They say they have done wondrous things,
Their praise throughout wide Europe rings.

ROBIN.

Sure that is very true indeed ;
Whoever views the Strath of Tweed,
Or Haughs of Clyde, or Banks of Forth,
Must candidly confess their worth.—
Sixty years since, or aiblins less,
Their riggs were crooked as an S ;
Scarcely a park you could espy,
But those that were some mansion nigh ;
Their horse and kine of stunted breed ;
Their crops of all kinds full of weeds ;
Their houses, hovels poor and mean ;
No thriving signs you could have seen.
Industry now it does prevail,
And stretches wide o'er moor and dale ;
'Tween Berwick town and John o' Groats,
They take example by the Scots.
Landholders keenly do contend
Who can improvements most extend ;

The barren moor, and dark morass,
Does now produce both corn and grass.
Inclosures they are quite the ton,
Some hedge and ditch, and some of stone ;
They prove a benefit to those
Who rightly do their lands inclose.
Plantations which, extending far,
A shelter to our cattle are
From Summer's heat, and Winter's storms—
Shield and advantage much our farms.
A summer fallow's much practised ;
Some 'gainst it are, some with it pleased ;
Who have most reason on their side
I'll not take on me to decide :
One thing I will presume to say,
If land approaches unto clay,
It is the way I would advise,
The stubborn soil to pulverize :
When fields are over run with weeds,
Which from bad management proceeds,
A fallow only can repair
Such negligence and want of care ;

Likewise the Chemists do us tell,
That often turning up the soil
Unto the sun, and ambient air,
Does it for croping best prepare :
It does imbibe salt and carbon,
Which 'maist would mollify a stone
With qualities I cannot tell ;
Such things my learning far excel.
For all this we may thank the Board ;
For never of its own accord
Could Agriculture e'er have gain'd
The eminence it has attain'd.
First were surveyed, with no mean toil,
Even all the lands within the isle ;
Each county by itself distinct,
Yet each of the grand chain a link.
Next, many a wide division bill
Was voted in St Stephen's Hall
By the same beneficial Board,
Who freely did their aid afford.
There genius meets a patron kind ;
There industry doth ever find

Encouragement—that is not small,
For their attention reaches all.
Sure they a monument have rear'd,
Which will, through ages, be revered
For wisdom and humanity—
It reaches even excellency.
Now in Auld Reekie—glorious town,
An institution of renown
Protecteth also Husbandry,—
The Grand Highland Society.
General improvement to promote
Old Scotia's hills and vales throughout,
And that in the most likely grounds
Disbursing copiously their funds.
Premiums they give most liberally
For every kind of industry,
As well as all mechanic skill
That can advance the public weal.
Each ploughman now exerts himself
Endeavouring ever to excell
In that most honourable toil,
Turning with busy sleight the soil.

Last year Tam Samson gained the prize
 For furrows straight and of a size ;
 Next Fair he masters might had ten,
 Who formerly could scarce get one.
 And black eyed Bess that spurn'd his suit,
 And thought him but a stupid brute,
 Is over head and ears in love
 Because he did successful prove.
 Now it will likely be a match,
 For lasses aye are on the catch ;
 And Tam her equal is atweel,
 He always was a decent chiel.

JOCK.

I've many questions yet to ask,
 But we must up and to our task :
 Perhaps you may to-morrow still
 Impart a portion of your skill.

Third Day.

JOCK

A ploughing match I ne'er have seen—
 They very seldom here have been ;
 Last year when one was held at Sanquhar
 I well intended to've been there ;
 But master he would not allow—
 He gave the preference to you.
 At telling things you have a knack,
 So, Robin, give me now a smack
 Of all that happen'd on that day,
 And how each ploughman did display
 His skill—how horses were in case—
 What kind of plows were most in use.

ROBIN.

I have seen many a curious sight—
 Races and shows, rope-dancing tight,
 Bon-spiels, mock-fights by land and sea ;
 But ploughing-matches bear the gree.

H

Upon the park, aye kept for deer,
 When good Duke Charles, that noble peer,
 Whose memory still to us is dear,
 Inherited those wide domains
 Of lofty mountains, woods, and plains.—
 Twenty-five ploughmen there turned out,
 With Wilkie's ploughs, and horses stout ;
 And muster'd, on that very field,
 The finest sight I e'er beheld.
 The tickets drawn, each to his lot
 Repair'd, as bold as Highland Scot
 To face the foe on Waterloo—
 Firmly determined to subdue.
 Their harrows they did straightly draw—
 Perform'd their work best e'er I saw.
 The judges they were puzzled sore,
 Which of the ploughmen to prefer.
 Many spectators throng'd the ground,
 And all much satisfaction found,
 In viewing such a grand display
 Of skill, exhibited that day.
 They were regaled with bread and cheese,
 And usquebaugh, which aye doth please ;

Yet each most anxious was to hear
 The judges the award declare.
 After consideration great,
 Aloud was read each ploughman's fate ;
 Some were much pleased, and some did gloom,
 Then with their teams made straight for home.

But, to return unto my theme,
 Which more attention still does claim ;
 For, what of such importance is,
 'Mong temporal affairs, as this ?
 Premiums for stallions, mares, bulls, cows,
 Likewise for rams and breeding ewes.
 Premiums produce much emulation
 Among the farmers of the nation.
 They men, e'en geniuses appear,
 Who choicest instruments prepare,
 For expediting husbandry—
 No country can the like supply.
 Andrew Meikle, of Houston Mill,
 Did often gaze upon the flail,
 And thought it but a tedious way
 Of separating corn from strae.

Sure innate genius he possess'd,
 And operative powers the best ;
 Which, acting in true unison,
 A thrashing mill produced soon.
 The benefits that do proceed
 From thrashing mills, do far exceed
 Each art that ever went before,
 Even from remotest times of yore.
 Both Small and Wilkie, on the plough,
 Did much attention sure bestow ;
 Uniting, happily, at length,
 Advantage, beauty, ease, and strength.
 But, to enum'rate all that's done,
 Would take me to the setting sun ;
 So we will rise and yoke our steers,
 Experience only comes by years.

JOCK.

O ! Robin, thou'rt an unco carle,
 And well acquainted with the warl' ;
 Had I the knowledge but of you,
 Nae langer I wad toil and plough.
 You must tell me a little mair,

**What gars our farmers a' repair
To market-towns just once a-year,
To shew the finest of their gear.**

ROBIN.

**My knowledge, Jock, a mens wad thole—
I was not very long at school ;
Six quarters only I went there,
'Twas a' my parents dear could spare ;
And learning much the mind improves,
The vital springs of reason moves ;
Before her vivifying ray
The clouds of darkness fly away ;
But meeting now your new request,
I'll earnest try to do my best.
These shows I several times have seen,
On Sanquhar street and Moffat green ;
Before or near to Lammas day,
Our shepherd lads do take the brae,
And go the marches round and round,
To see what stray sheep may be found ;
Then bring the gear in frae the hill,
Select the finest to their skill ;**

The shepherds drive them to the show,
 With meikle care and pace right slow ;
 Many a lot doth throng the street,
 And wealthy farmers, farmers greet—
 “ What’s a’ your news ?—a charming day—
 Of gear there’s here a fine display.
 Will wool sell dear ? more merchants here
 Than I have seen for many a year ;
 There’s many a dealer from the South,
 I hope we’ll prices get enough.
 Who are the judges, can you tell ?
 Perhaps you’re one of them yoursel’.”
 “ Not I—Claeleith, Thowl, and Glenwhairn,
 They are appointed I do learn,—
 Three men of skill and probity,
 Which none that knows them will deny,
 But let us draw a little near,
 They are examining the gear.
 The judges by and bye retire
 Their observations to compare ;
 At length they happily agree,
 And forthwith publish their decree.
 Now unto dinner they repair—

Regale themselves with choicest fare ;
 Their converse witty, natural, gay,
 Touching the events of the day.
 The table cleared with utmost speed,
 The flowing, cheerful bowls succeed,
 Their fumes in pyramids ascend
 And not a nose that's sound offend.
 The chairman pledges “the trustees”—
 A toast that each and all must please ;
 “The Duke” is next drunk with applause ;
 And many more—but I must pause.
 A song is loudly called for now,
 When the Scots glee of “ Tarrie Woo ”
 Is sung in chorus by them all,
 You'd think they were in Echo's hall.
 Our staples, corn, horn, wool, and yarn,
 Next toasted are with rapture warm ;
 Scotland, exalted to the skies
 For every thing that's good and wise.
 The Ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 And that old song John Barley-corn ;
 Are forthwith sung in greatest stile—
 Thus care one night they do beguile.

The night in rapture flies away
 To nearly the approach of day,
 When a good night it is proposed ;
 And thus each similar meeting's closed.
 Now, Jock, I hope you're satisfied,
 Nothing I have to you denied.
 I've answer'd all that I can tell ;
 The clock strikes two,--our warning bell,
 So we must rise, and 'gain resume our toil.

EPISTLE I.

Written at the desire of, and addressed to three Gentlemen in Leadhills, who had been in the country to see a Friend in distress.

My Muse, daft hizzy, will you greet
 Upon your visit so discreet,
 To your old, leal acquaintance Charlie,
 Who lang has been so very poorly.

Sure sympathy beamed in your looks,
 And if I'm right informed by books,
 The nearer we approach the pole
 We're sure to find the warmer soul.

There is my worthy friend the teacher,
 (O! had we got him for a preacher)
 'Twixt Berwick town, and John o' Groat,
 You will not find a warmer Scot.

And there's my cronnie, too, the Bailie,
 A man I'm sure will ne'er beguile you;
 But set him by a flowing bowl,
 And soon expands his generous soul.

And next, my comrade brave, the Sergeant,
 His merit could I but enlarge on't,
 How to his friends and trust he's true,
 As witness Spain and Waterloo.

I bid ye now adieu, my frien's,—
 And when we meet again at Jean's
 I hope we'll have more time to sparc
 To ca' the crack and banish care.

Sine I'll convoy you to the miller,
 And if we hae got ony siller
 We'll gar the maid bring in the bicker,
 And weet the whistle till we caper.

EPISTLE II.

To a Friend on the 1st January, 1818.

SIR, I do hereby you command
 To take your staff into your hand,
 And to my cottage straight repair
 And happy hold the blythe new year.

Perhaps the treat will not be great,
 The Mart it now is turning salt ;
 The hens have not begun to lay,
 The cows are turning yell they say :

But still we have a pickle meal,
 Routh of potatoes prime to peel ;
 You must take welcome for good cheer,
 Which you are always sure of here.

First time you see your brother Will,
 Tell him I think he has no soul ;
 Since fortune on me turned her back,
 He ne'er steps down to get a crack.

But he has many neighbours sure,
 For if a man he does turn poor
 Sweet friendship then it is forgot,
 On th' other shoulder's turn'd the coat.

In Greece and Rome we're told of yore,
 On wealth they did not set such store ;—
 We read of men brought from the plough
 The bark of state through storms to row.

But if with us a man wants gear
 No place of trust he'll get I fear ;
 But sure it is a fool's pretence
 To think that siller giveth sense.

All the good news about your town
 I hope you'll faithfully bring down.
 The Court Gazette of Durrisdeer,
 I'll have for your perusal here.

My compliments to a' the lave,
 Long may they live, and grow and thrive ;
 Aye for your weel my wish is fervent,
 And I remain your humble servant.

EPISTLE III.

Written to a Friend on the 13th Jan. 1818.

A GUDE new-year unto you, friend,
 I wish health, wealth, and peace of mind ;
 And many new-years may you see,
 Be still from care and canker free.

And now when neighbours neighbours meet,
 To sip delicious tea so sweet,
 Your company I fain would have
 On Thursday afternoon, at five.

Prepare, then, a' your auld warld tales,
 How brownies langsyne thrash'd wi' flails,
 And witches gart hair tethers stan',
 When Popery bewitched the lan'.

How Henry, casting off the Pope,
 Gave Babylon's great Whore a shock,
 And Charlie on the scaffold bled,
 And James to leave our lan' was glad :

How Willie he from Holland came,
 And claim'd the crown in right o's Dame,
 Likewise he had the people's voice—
 Their free and voluntary choice :

And e'en in your ain younger days,
 How you at midnight left the claise,
 And splash'd away through dub and mire,
 To meet your lassie in the byre ;

Where cozily amang the hay
 You'd kiss and crack till break of day,
 Syne hameward bend your course in haste,
 For fear, nae doubt, of being miss'd.

Ay ! those were times, you mind right weel ;
 But now the bluid's begun to cool—
 Stop ! stop, my Muse !—I'll haud my han'
 He still may be in wedlock's ban'.

And should such be your happy case,
 I wish a good and numerous race
 Of thumping lads and bonnie lasses,
 To be admired by all that passes.

And when your head is silvered o'er,
 And you have numbered every hour,
 Much consolation may you have
 While verging to the peaceful grave.

EPISTLE IV.

To a Brother Poet.

Sir—I do hereby you invite
 At Jenny Sharp's your friend to meet,
 On Tuesday afternoon, at three,
 Where we will taste the barley bree.

I hope your Muse will be in tune,
 Your brother Bard to entertain
 With some production fresh and new,
 And founded on a subject true.

Fiction I cannot relish, still
 It faileth to command the will ;
 Upon the fancy it may gain,
 Then vanishes just like a dream.

Nor by their legendary lore
 Could I e'er set that meikle store ;
 Perhaps it is my want of taste,
 Which I'm deficient in at best.

The greatest poets in our lan'
 Will sit by an auld carlin's han',
 And hear with rapture from her tongue
 The stories tauld when she was young.

Syne clothe them in poetic dress,
 And send them forthwith to the press,
 From whence they issue cap-a-pee,
 In all their legend Majesty.

But such as me are forced to cower,
 Such flights are far above our power ;
 Such bardic pathos, quite the ton,
 Is what I will not venture on.

" But facts are chieles that winna ding,"

Sae Robin sang wha weel could sing,

And nature paint just to a tee--

Oh ! had his mantle fallen on me !

For me I always wish to found

On a foundation that is sound,

And when I bid the world adieu,

I wish graved on my stone, to view,

" *He wrote—but wrote no line untrue.*"

EPISTLE V.

To J——n N——r, Esq.

WHY poverty the Bard compel

His straits unto a friend to tell ;

Sith, now-a-days, there are but few

Will listen to a tale of woe.

This world it is so selfish grown,

That nearest friends will on us frown,

Because we're poor—such desperate stuff,

For all I'm sure there is enough.

Some think, I verily believe,
 A heaven there is this side the grave ;
 That thought doth half the world employ,
 To heap up wealth is all their joy.

But still in you a friend I've found,
 With sympathy your heart abounds ;
 Reveal to you a friend's distress,
 And soon the tears of woe will cease.

Convinced of your benevolence,
 My plea more freely I'll advance :
 An invent'ry lies you before,
 Which long has pain'd me very sore.

Some of the bairns are wanting shoon ;
 The cheese and butter baith are doon ;
 Likewise to boil the meikle pat,
 No bit o' meat's in a' the boat.

My wife's gown's at the elbows out,
 Although she set on many a clout,
 And I must say it in her praise,
 She's not extravagant in claise.

If Ten Pound Ten you would me lend,
 I would esteem it very kind,
 And pointedly the same repay,
 Three months beyond this very day

I'll neither give you bill nor ban'—
 'Tis seven years since I had my han'
 On paper, where there was a stamp ;
 My name is not in a' the bank.

Unto what written is above
 Depend upon't I'll faithful prove ;
 Deceit and fraud be from me far,
 While I subscribe—THOMAS EDGAR.

EPISTLE VI.

To a Shepherd.

O JAMMIE, sure your fit to weep
 To hear the bonnie lambkins bleet,
 With violent hands torn from their dams,
 More dire to thee than war's alarms.

While April mornings still are gray,
 Ere Phœbus sends a cheering ray,
 Over the lofty eastern hills,
 Care for thy flock thy bosom fills.

Returning to thy Maker praise,
 For peace of mind, and length of days,
 Thou snatchest up thy crook and plaid,
 And faithful cur callest to thine aid.

Then bend'st thy course to nigh Troquain,
 Searching with anxious e'e each glen,
 To see if all thy fleecy charge
 Are safe, and grazing free at large.

Now, passing by the Whapersknowe,
 What spiest thou but thy black-faced ewe,
 A' in a bogan but the head ;
 A waefu' sight to thee indeed !

“ Alas ! what will come o' me now,
 I've lost my bonnie black-faced ewe ;
 Of all my stock she was the stay,
 Each year she brought me lammies twae : ”

But why thus mourn for warl's gear,
 For me I'll never drop a tear ;
 At best 'tis only but a loan,
 'Tis here to-night—to-morrow gone.

For to misfortune man is born,
 His heart by care and passion torn ;
 Even those in the most high degree,
 Their troubles have as well as we.

Next passing down the rushy brae,
 Where Willy mow'd on Sabbath-day,
 The bonny gimmer Cheviot Bell,
 Was lying lifeless by hersel'.

Of witches I in Scripture read :
 'Tis true, o'er true, quoth James indeed ;
 When up bangs Puss—scuds o'er the knowe—
 Like lightning heels o'er head James flew !

He saind himself—“ O guid be here,
 I doubt the devil is too near,
 Or some of his infernal band,
 That prowls abroad throughout the land.”

Then Kirkbride cock began to craw,
 When up bang'd James, cries—" Devils a',
 Avast to your infernal peer !
 Nae langer you dare tarry here."

The sun show'd his broad disc between
 The lofty mountains of Dalveen,
 When Jammie homeward bent his course,
 These strange adventures to rehearse.

When coming down Moss-cheper's fell,
 In sorry plight, and far from well,
 He met his master in his plaid,
 Which made him glad, though still afraid.

" O James, what makes you look so pale,
 Sure something serious must you ail ?
 Have you seen warloek, witch, or fay ?
 What is the matter quickly say ?"

" I've herded sheep for forty year,
 But ne'er before got sic a fear ;
 There's something 'bout this town no good,
 Of which I ever was afraid

“ In the green bog, by Whapersknowe,
 Is drown’d my wide horn’d black-faced ewe ;
 And at the foot of rushy brae,
 The white-faced gimmer’s cauld—I’m wae.

“ And while I mourning o’er her stood,
 Thinking that ne’er me was nae good,
 Up bang’d a maukin—cock’d her fud,
 And nimbly through the spret did scud.

“ I still opine she was a witch,
 She gave my heart-strings such a twitch,
 I’m no right yet, nor e’er will be ;
 Gude keep me frae sic company !

“ Sir, you are learn’d, do you believe,
 That Satan can the power e’er give
 To mortal wights, to kill our gear—
 Such stories we do often hear.”

“ Misfortunes, James, will us befall—
 No mortal can his losses sell ;
 Let us be thankful ’tis no worse,
 Such things will happen oft of course.

**“ In witchcraft I do not believe,
For in the days in which we live
Black superstition and her train
Are banished far beyond the main.**

**“ When popery o’erspread the land,
Before the Reformation dawned ;
Or reason cleared the darkened mind,
Such stories often duped mankind.**

**“ Friars and monks, and all the crew
Of Popish miscreants—tis true—
Such tales promoted—imps of hell,—
That they their wares might better sell.**

**“ But now the Gospel’s widely spread,
The days of ignorance are fled ;
A brighter era now dispels
Witchcraft, and magic charms, and spells.**

**“ Imagination, fertile power,
I’ve oft been told can kill or cure :
So we will homeward straight proceed,
A little rest will quiet your head.**

EPISTLE VII.

*Written for a Friend to send along with three
Ram's Horns, to a Gentleman in Galloway.*

THE walls of Jericho, of yore,
Fell flat before the Ram-horns' roar ;
I've often thought, and think so still,
They'd got those horns from Lowther-hill.

They were not of the cheviot kind,
Nor from the Merino, I find ;
But from the sturdy moorland race,
Who walls themselves would dare to face.

Of these I hereby send you three,
From the right lineal progeny
Of him that slew the Spanish ram,
And gain'd from Victory's hand the palm.

Then from the first extract the core,
Ascend the summit of Cairnmoor,
And clansmen, if you blast with skill,
Will hear and answer with good will.

The second, make a sneeshing-mill,
 And with the best Rapee it fill,
 And then your keen olfactory nerves
 Will have what temper smooth preserves.

The third, make a deep drinking horn,
 With siller lining it adorn ;
 Of Fairntosh lay in a store,
 Then you may bid adieu to care.

First time I come to Galloway,
 Unto the rosy god we'll pay,
 In deep libations, our devoirs ;
 Till then I am sincerely yours.

EPISTLE VIII.

*To Mr Hennan, Gardener, Drumlanrig,
 after reading in the papers that he was
 awarded the first prizes for Apples and
 Pears, by the Dumfries-shire Horticultural
 Society, Autumn, 1820.*

WHEN I the Papers read, my boy,
 My heart it almost danced for joy,

To see you placed above them all
 In the grand horticulture roll.

As on I read, I with surprise
 Exclaim'd, not only once, but twice,
 For apples, pears, the first medals !
 Drumlanrig 'gain for fruit excels.

Her parterres too in beauty shine,
 With choicest flowers of every clime,
 From Alpine mountains, Indian plain,
 And native beauty still retain.

Her shrubberies they do display
 The far-famed laurel and the bay,
 The warrior's and the poet's crown,
 Which yields them valour's meed—renown

I see her fine plantations tower,
 As if they rose by magic power ;
 The scion shoots into a tree
 With wonderful rapidity.

Still in thy labour persevere,
 Thy noble master will revere
 Thy care and strict integrity,
 And will reward thee by and bye.

EPISTLE IX.

To a Friend.

My Muse to-day's so dour and dull,
 That I dare scarcely take my quill,
 At best she's but a perverse jade,
 And very often puts me mad.

But Flattery does wond'rous things,
 Even with those royal persons,—Kings ;
 Some of them have been cozen'd so,
 They seem'd half deities below.

My Muse I've soften'd by that art,
 And now the hizzy's unco smart ;
 Words forward come, hop,—step,—and jump,
 She deals her favours by the lump.

But, to proceed—I've often thought
 That wit is dear that's dearly bought ;
 I think the adage does apply
 Most pointedly to you and I.

The time has been, when, with the best,
 We boldly could display our crest
 At market-cross in any town
 That is in a' the country roun' ;

And be saluted hat in hand,
 Even by the best in all the land ;—
 “ How do you do ?—there's a fine day—
 And markets looking up, they say.

“ Great news arrived have by the mail,
 I think at length we will prevail ;
 Bold Nelson, that heroic tar,
 Has drubb'd our foes at Trafalgar.

“ But not unclouded is our joy ;
 For, in the arms of victory
 The hero fell, to rise no more—
 His loss we ever will deplore.

“ Will you step in, and take a gill,
 We'll toast his memory with good will ;
 Also our other gallant tars,
 Who have proved faithful in the wars.”

But now the tables they are turn'd—
 The flame of friendship that once burned,
 Just like the evanescent ray,
 Is now for ever fled away.

Some former friends gang slinking by,
 And dart at us a scornful eye ;
 I hear them muttering, as they pass,—
 “ There goes a foolish, silly ass !”

Others will condescend to say,—
 “ For your misfortunes I am wae ;
 And would you serve, you may be sure—
 At present 'tis not in my power.”

Others who've got a hold of gear,
 Will scornfully us taunt and jeer ;
 In every thing put us in fault,
 Not knowing what makes cripples halt.

But worldly men they still may plan,
 And think even fortune to comman' ;
 In their own strength they vainly boast,
 And think that they should rule the roast.

I'm prudent, therefore, I'm grown rich,
 Of temp'rance never make a breach,
 The world on me it seems to smile ;
 I've goods laid up for a great while.

My mountain it doth firmly stand
 Among the great ones of the land,
 I take my seat on festive days,
 The world on me with wonder gaze.

Presumptuous man ! how weak and vain
 Are all the thoughts you entertain !
 Thy doom, perhaps, is very nigh.
 Who can escape Heaven's prying eye ?

For sure there is a power above
 Which the main springs of actions move ;
 Teaches the swallow how to build,
 And clothes the lily of the field.

Who knows what's in the womb of time,
 Tho' we're past the Meridian line,
 Our Sun unclouded may go down
 In spite of fortune's sternest frown ;

Even still we're not devoid of joy—
 What powers we have we must employ ;
 Philosophy you can pursue,
 And I the Muses aye will woo.

ON A CELEBRATED SPORTSMAN.

Ye foxes, a' rejoice, rejoice !
 Your mortal enemy here lies,
 Who was your foe both late and air,
 Not even at midnight did you spare,

We're told by sacred writ of yore
 Samson you listed in his corps
 The Philistines' corn to destroy,
 Whom aye to vex was his great joy.

But were he living in these days
A levy of your kind to raise,
Within the braes of Nithsdale wide
Few he could muster on his side.

Ye bonnie Lammies, mourn, O mourn !
With waeful bleet move round his urn,
Who was your faithful guardian,
And shielded you from fox and man.

Nor was his love of selfish kind,
And unto his own flock confined ;
'Twixt Queensberry's top and Shire of Ayr,
Ye a' shared his paternal care.

With every man that did him ken
His memory will long remain ;
And when I name him, honest man,
They'll join with me, and say Amen !

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM JOHNSTON,
Esq., BLACKEDENE,

*On the death of his son, Captain Johnston, who
fell in the late Canadian War, while storm-
ing the enemy's works.*

THE tears they must flow of paternal affection
Down thy manly cheek that's deep furrowed with
time ;

But, dwell not too long upon fond recollection—
He's gone and he now as a cherub doth shine.
Tho' no sculptured marble nor splendid escutcheon
To ages unborn mark the place of his grave ;
Yet hallowed's the earth that takes under protec-
tion

The sacred remains of the virtuous and brave.

FOR CAPT. HAMILTON's MONUMENT.

SHUT are those ears that listen'd to the tale of woe,
And cold that heart which sympathy did warm,

Mute is that tongue which to distress ne'er answered no,
 And closed those eyes that virtue aye did charm.

ON A CELEBRATED USURER.

HERE lies interred Cent. per Cent. ;
 The narrow house that pays no rent
 Is now the sum of all his riches—
 Lord, rid us soon of all such wretches !

ON A KEEN MESSENGER.

HERE lies the body of R*b P**l,
 Who, it was thought, had ne'er a saul,—
 O'er honest men he rode so keen
 When he got haul o' horn and poin'.

**WRITTEN ON VISITING THE GRAVE
OF A PIOUS FRIEND.**

FRIENDSHIP sincere impells the tear
Upon his grave who lieth here,
While memory fond recalls the hours
We passed in the most sweet discourse.

I often listened to the theme
 His pious tongue loved to proclaim,
 Tending our morals to improve,
 And fill the heart with Christian love.

He would, without the least restraint,
 In the most glowing colours paint
 The cause of malice, guile, and strife,
 Which taint and chequer human life—

Corrupting still the soul with sin,
 And impure rendering all within ;
 For from the abundance of the heart,
 The tongue men's sentiments impart.

A bitter fountain can't emit
 Sweet water to the longing sp'rit ;
 Nor can we serve both God and Mammon,
 One must engross the heart alone.

The better part then let us choose,
 Our hearts from worldly treasures loose ;
 And raise our thoughts above the skies—
 'Tis there our sterling treasure lies.

We have an Advocate on high
 Who hears the penitential sigh,
 Presents our prayers before the throne,
 Enrobed in merits of his own.

His Father's fiercest wrath he bore ;
 Trode the wine press, untrode before,
 Justice and mercy reconciled ;—
 My soul, do thou upon him build !

Such pious strains flowed from his lips,
 Which does all oratory eclipse ;
 He who a soul to truth converts
 In Heaven will meet with his deserts.

And now I trust he shines above,
 And celebrates redeeming love
 In anthems of the highest strain ;
 O may my soul thereto attain !

WRITTEN

While Breakfast was preparing on the 18th of June, 1818, and delivered to the Commanding Officer of the Greys, then in Dumfries, after dinner, by a friend of the Author.

MY Muse again her tribute pays
 Unto our gallant Scottish Greys,
 But rude and uncouth are my lays,
 The jade she's lame ;
 So I'll not claim a meed of praise,
 Nor shred of fame.

How Caledonia does rejoice
 To see on her own plains these boys,

Her ardent spirit up it buoys
 The clouds above,
 And nothing can augment her joys
 Or zealous love.

 The evolutions you display
 Were dreadful on that glorious day,
 And forced Napoleon to say,—
 “ Such matchless troops!
 Our eagles they will bear away,
 I've lost all hopes.”

 You heroes brave of Waterloo,
 Who proud Napoleon did subdue,
 Immortal honour is your due,
 And will be paid—
 While Criffel rears his hoary brow
 O'er Solways tide.

 While Nith does unto Ocean roll—
 While Needle points unto the Pole—
 While gravitation does control
 Projectile force—
 While gratitude in human soul
 It has its source.

Let faithful echo now reply
 Unto three hearty cheers of joy,
 And never may the least alloy
 Thy laurels stain ;
 But may they bloom eternally,
 Amen, amen !

COMPOSED ON RIDING THROUGH THE ESTATE
 OF MR MENTEATH OF CLOSEBURN, ON A
 WEDNESDAY MORNING.

DELIGHTFUL task, where heather-bells did blow,
 To make luxuriant crops of corn to grow,
 And damp morass, where wild-duck could not
 build,
 Sufficient fodder for our cattle yield.

Yes, thy assiduous, steady enterprise,
 Has almost made a new creation rise ;
 Where nought but darkest heath was to be seen,
 Clover and daisies stud the lively green.

The quagmire turn'd into the solid mead,
 And with the richest, sweetest foliage clad,
 Whose fragrance every visitor must please,
 Borne to his nostrils by the southern breeze.

And last, not least, see proud plantations tower,
 In storms a shelter, and in heat a bower;
 I'd love to linger in this sylvan scene
 To woo the Muses with a mind serene.

Then mad Ambition it might proudly soar,
 And o'er his golden hordes the miser pore,
 Sportsmen attend the field, and beaux the ball,
 I'd saunter 'mong the walks round Closeburn-
 Hall.

The feathered choir should my companions be,
 I'd list their music trilled from every tree;
 The mavis' carrol, and the blackbird's song,
 Would make the hours pass merrily along.

When genial warmth resuscitates the soil,
 And nature's active powers resume their toil,

The flowers profusely all their charms display,
And insects wanton in the solar ray;

The flowerets' progress I would close attend,
And cheerfully my aid unto them lend,
Their flexible fibres to support, and clear
From every baneful weed approaching near.

I'd tend the labours of the industrious bee,
And mark each flower that pleased it on the lea,
How wonderful and sage their policy!
Approaching unto reason very nigh.

In parching heat I'd seek some woodland bower,
And learn from sages who did live of yore,
The morals, manners, deeds of other years,
Which in historic page so bright appear.

Society is not without its charms,
This care and study of their sting disarms,
Raises the spirits to their proper tone,
And makes our neighbour's happiness our own.

Of these I only would select a few,
Intelligent, and in their friendships true,

Not prone to flattery, nor prone to pride,
Philanthropy their chiefest good and guide.

Their wit to sparkle like the solar beam,
But not so gross as honour to demean,
Nor so sarcastic as a friend to wound,
'Gainst folly pointed, stronger sense than sound.

But why should I indulge in airy dreams ?
Such happiness is not my lot, it seems ;
Heaven give complacency unto his will,
Then I'll be happy in the humblest vale.

Long may he live who owns these fine domains,
Still to enjoy his policy and plains,
To give the tradesman, labourer employ,
And make the widow's heart to sing for joy.

A SPRING EVENING WALK.

LAST night, shortly after gloaming,
Slow I sauntered out the loaning ;

The evening bee had ceased to hum,
And not a cur did move his tongue.

The feather'd choir had gone to rest,
Whom I'd be sorry to molest ;
They are my solace through the day,
I hear their song from every spray.

The heathy hills were in a breeze,
Fanned by the curling eastern breeze,
Illumining the horizon—
Sublime they were to gaze upon.

As mariners approach the shore
Of Italy, so famed of yore,
Vesuvius, Etna, in a blaze,
Their bosoms fill with dread amaze.

They think on Herculaneum's doom,
Annihilated in her bloom,
By deluge of blue liquid fire,
Catastrophe most dread and dire !

But thanks to Heaven, no sulphurous fire
Produces conflagration here ;

Our mountains sterling to the core
Are, and have been from days of yore.

Though cold our clime, and poor our soil,
Requiring fortitude and toil,
Not like Italia's fruitful plains,
Prolific in all kinds of grains ;

And richest fruits spontaneous grow
On banks of Tiber and the Po,
And shrubs and flowers of rich perfume
Diffuse their fragrance all aroun'.

Yet many blessings we enjoy,
Not known beneath Italia's sky,
Where Nature's most tremendous throws
Terrific, fearful scenes disclose ;

And Superstition's haggard face,
Asserteth that all kinds of grace
Must from His Holiness proceed—
What more absurd than such a creed ?

And Tyranny, the most severe,
His throne has firmly founded there,

Both mind and body to enslave,
To crush the good---to kill the brave.

Oh ! why sleeps Brutus' shade, while Italy
Does prostrate at the feet of tyrants lye ?
His spirit slept not when his native land
Was ruled by Tyranny's old iron hand.

Oh ! why this vacilating policy ?
Rouse, Romans ! let your Eagles flaunt on high,
Before the daring ranks of Liberty,
Methinks I see the insatiate tyrants flee.

Bless'd Liberty ! thou native of our isle,
Long, long thou hast been nourish'd in our soil,
Thy infant days are ever fled away,
Thy manhood now thou vigorous dost display.

From Britain thee to pluck would be as vain.
As the attempt of old to chain the main ;
In every British heart thy roots are struck,
For thy support thou dost the life's blood sack.

In vain a world attempted to despoil,
Their gasconades thou treated with a smile ;

A thousand wooden walls sail'd at command,
 A million bayonets glanced on thy strand.

The tyrant stern, with his marauding corps,
 Could ne'er approach our sea-environ'd shores,
 At length our efforts were with success crown'd,
 No nation e'er acquired more renown.

Then let us still fair liberty preserve
 Pure and untainted, that we may deserve
 That boon of Heaven none merits but the brave,
 And to our sons the same inviolate leave.

In solitude I on did hie,
 And felt a strong propensity
 My evening walk still to prolong,
 Secluded from the busy throng.

The scene so much it did me please,
 I placid was and quite at ease ;
 But still the busy active mind,
 To ruminate was much inclined.

I thought upon my boyish days,
 Of boyish pranks and boyish plays,

When the young mind from care is free
 From trouble and anxiety,

How happy then the moments fly—
 The breast a stranger to a sigh ;
 Hope, like the eagle, flies aloft,
 And gives a buoyancy to thought.

His task being finished, to his play
 He hurries out with spirits gay ;
 The golf, the bowls, the top, or coy,
 Each, all, his playful hours employ.

Others do ramble through the fields,
 In search of where the birds do build ;
 But oh ! their pastime it is rude,
 They rob the mother of her brood.

I have with other urchins been,
 Playing at blind-staff on the green,
 Or bearing cruelly away
 The nest, and all her young covey.

Much it does make me wonder still,
 To think upon the mother's skill,

So anxiously she builds her nest,
Fashion'd with utmost skill and taste.

And when her dwelling is descried,
She'll artful lead the boys aside ;
So strong the instinct I've seen oft,
The dam, to save the young, was caught.

Others do slip out at nightfall,
Slyly to scale the garden wall,
Or rob the orchard of its fruit ;
Of these there is small hopes I doubt.

In early life we may descry,
Which way lies the propensity ;
Some are to harmless sports inclined,
And some to cruel deeds we find.

Thus on to manhood we do move,
And then the springs of youthful love,
In many a fold clasp round the heart,
And newer impulses impart.

Some lovely lass, with rosy cheeks,
And rolling eye, that language speaks

Of love, and genuine modesty,
That in his breast produce the sigh.

Imagination, busy power,
Presents her image every hour,
In waking thoughts, and midnight dreams,
Her image ever present seems.

He tries all means to gain her love,
But his addresses cannot move ;
Woman her thoughts can so disguise,
As to elude the sharpest eyes.

Yet firmly he does persevere
His happiness is centered there,
Sighs, prayers, and vows with dextrous art,
He wieldeth to subdue her heart.

At length he happily succeeds ;
In triumph to the Altar leads
His blooming bride, to him more fair
Than bride that e'er approached there.

The gay and festive honey moon
On rapid wings does pass too soon,

From dreams of bliss they then awake,
And must to business them betake.

Now care and all her grating train
Rush on the startled mind amain—
A family is to support,
And this requires a constant effort.

His days in labour are employed,
Perhaps his peace of mind destroyed
By disappointment's cruel hand,
O'er which no mortal has command.

Should fortune vouchsafe to be kind,
Much may perplex and chafe the mind—
The loss of friends, acute disease—
This scene is not a scene of ease.

And even when I survey the great,
Surrounded by both wealth and state,
And all that riches can bestow
Upon this theatre below;

Even there I see the brow of care,
The languid and the peevish stare;

An irritable temper keen,
Haughty and jaundiced by the spleen.

They cannot catch a royal smile,
Although by every courtly wile
That servile cunning can suggest,
They strive attention to arrest.

Some rival hath, with royal ear,
More influence, and a greater share
Of honour, power, and patronage,
Which do ambitious men engage.

Then envy rankles in the breast,
Of tort'ring passions not the least,
Unhappy makes their days and nights,
And all their towering prospects blights.

“ Sure, I have serv'd the monarch more
Than those he does entrust with power,
Or those he loads with honours high,—
Capricious is a monarch's eye.

“ Neglect and scorn is my reward,
Unmerited requital hard ;”

But such requital will them load
 Who serve their king more than their God.

Even those who do successful prove,
 Gain power, honour,—all they love,
 Are very far from happiness,
 They grasp at what they can't possess.

With them the passions fume and boil,
 Spurning the shadow of controul ;
 All must obsequious to them bend.,
 Or their imperious pride offend.

Among the middle ranks of life,
 There's least of care and least of strife,
 The passions calmer, better poised,
 Are not by verriest trifles roused.

They're not with poverty beset,
 Nor with the pride nor pomp of state,
 A competence not more nor less
 Does most conduce to happiness.

Yet troubles 'mong all ranks prevail,
 Life is at best a boisterous gale,

Another and another heave
Do lay us prostrate in the grave.

Then let us timeously improve—
In virtue's path straight forward move ;
And when we come to close this scene,
We'll do it with a mind serene.

O, could I former time retrace,
With the experience I possess,
Youth's giddy foibles I would shun,
And act as does become the man.

Strict virtue's path I would pursue,
Endeavour passion to subdue ;
My actions square by moral rule,
Nor more like madman play the fool.

ON A BEAUTIFUL AURORA BOREALIS,
 WHICH APPEARED IN AUTUMN, 1819 ;
*With a cursory Sketch of the Heavens at the
 time.*

You Meteor Army of the sky,
 Could I into your secrets pry,
 Developing the moving cause,
 Makes you obey such regular laws.

In lengthen'd line you now appear,
 So reg'lar formed in front and rear,
 That each extreme I can scarce mark,
 When you appear in column dark.

The glittering phalanx you display,
 Show burnish'd spears in thick array ;
 Not Macedonians of old,
 Did e'er exhibit front more bold.

Our forefathers, in days of yore,
 By you were frightened very sore ;

And much perplexed and amazed,
As they with wonder on you gazed.

Such sights, they deem'd, portended war,
And watch'd your motions with much care ;
Even greatest sages, 'tis agreed,
Assented to the general creed.

Cannot astronomers unfold,
With telescopic powers so bold,
The cause of such a fine display
Of prompt array and colours gay,
Which to my eyes you do convey ?

If, when below the horizon,
The sun directs his light upon
Clouds floating in the atmosphere,
Which in his visual line appear ;

And these to others rays transmit,
Which causeth them to exhibit
Those much admired Northern lights,
Which in our day the eye delights.

To magnetism, some assign
 Your luminous and lengthen'd line,
 Conveying ever to the pole,
 Which all your movements does controul.

But, those ambitious more to know
 Of these sublime phenomena,
 Must study ev'ry natural cause
 Within the reach of Reason's laws.

Nature's a page I fain would read,
 Would but some spirit kindly lead ;
 Assist her labyrinths to explore,
 With sound and philosophic power.

Those shining orbs, that float above,
 With what velocity they move
 Through flexile ether, and pursue
 Their course, still to their periods true !

Quick round his course does Mercury run,
 And near approacheth to the sun ;
 How strong is the projectile force
 That holds this planet in his course !

Next, Venus, like a queen so gay,
 Her dazzling splendour does display ;
 Directs the traveller by night,
 In absence of the lunar light.

Our globe to other planets seems
 A moon or star reflecting beams
 Of light to them—as they convey
 By night to us the solar ray.

Bold Mars presents his fiery face,
 And next our sphere does take his place—
 Just emblem of the god of war,
 That drives along in fiery car.

Next, four twin sisters, lately known,
 In noble splendour do roll on—
 Ceres, who agriculture taught—
 Pallas, who arts and science brought

 To ancient Greece, as poets tell,
 In which she did the world excell—
 Juno, the watchful, jealous wife,
 Vesta, who virgin was for life.

See Jupiter, that belted knight,
 Arising in his splendour bright ;
 Huge orb !—our earth, compared with thee,
 Is like a scion to a tree.

Next, Saturn in his ring appears,
 Surrounded by seven royal peers,
 Who round their primary do move,
 And very beneficial prove.

The Georgium Sidus, royal star,
 Moves round his orbit from us far ;
 Like royal personages too,
 Served by satellites not a few.

Yon Comet, with the shining train,
 Returning ever to its home,
 Even gravitation does restrain,
 Though into space it far does run,
 Where faintly shines the cheering sun.

Yet it, and all the Comet throng,
 Unto our system do belong ;
 But, for what purpose they're designed,
 Astronomers could never find..

Behold yon appendages spread round the pole,
In exact equi-distance they onward do roll,
A sun and a system, which beings contain—
The great Architect has made nothing in vain.

In far distant ocean the bold mariner
Directeth his course by yon nautical star ;
When dark clouds or thick fogs envelop the skies,
His compass that points to the pole he applies.

See in splendour arise the grand Pleiades,
To reckon their number does baffle mine eyes ;
By what laws of nature they're so close combined,
Still puzzles the star-gazing sages to find.

Who can such magnificent wonders behold,
And deny the Supreme, is an infidel bold ;
Through her wonderful works hear Nature pro-
claim—
A Deity rules who is ever the same.

LADY A—N, AND THE COTTAGERS.

AND shall we not those charitable call
 Who give their alms at poverty's faint call ?
 Attentive listen to the tale of woe,
 And gen'rously a pittance do bestow.

Exists there not a world of sad distress
 'Mong those who ne'er a suppliant's prayer did
 press
 Upon the sympathetic heart of man,
 To move to charity his liberal hand ?

In yonder cot, round which the sheep do graze,
 A fam'ly live, who have seen better days ;
 Once Fortune smiled, and mark'd them for her
 own ;
 Deceitful she—her favours soon were gone.

Yet still in peace they do contrive to live ;
 Their frugal fare with thankfulness receive ;
 Contentment can that happiness confer,
 Which cannot be attained by wealth or power.

There's something in the structure of the soul,
 O'er which even fortune can have no controul,
 A moral rectitude—if right I scan
 The abstruse labyrinth of the mind of man,

Still an unfeeling creditor they have,
 Which not one single comfort will them leave ;
 Their only cow, and all their household stuff,
 For his rapacious gripe is not enough.

To add to their misfortunes still the more,
 The family's head was under trouble sore ;
 Yet execution's order'd to proceed,
 And for this group there seemeth no remeade.

Their little son was constant kept at school,
 Attentive to his book, nor play'd the fool,
 His aspect pleasing, indicating thought,
 His aspect gentle, modest as it ought.

This school enjoy'd a noble patroness,
 Who premiums had awarded to each class,
 The youth to stimulate to emulation—
 A good example unto all in station.

This little boy had carried off the prize,
 Attracting much the patroness's eyes,
 Who oft would say (for she was void of pride),
 "Be a good boy, and I'll for you provide."

Her little protege one day she met,
 His eyes were swoln, his ruddy cheeks all wet :
 "Are father, mother, and all well I pray ?
 Or, Tommy, have you done amiss to-day?"

His little heart for utterance much too large,
 A copious flood of tears did now discharge ;
 At length, in deepest sobs, he could but say,
 "Father is ill—they're taking all away.

"Mother and sisters bitterly do cry ;
 But all our tears can't move to sympathy
 Yon surly men, they are of pity void ;
 But still, I hope, God will for us provide."

Her feeling sympathetic heart began to swell,
 And down her cheeks the crystal tears fast roll :
 "Come, Tommy, let us quickly go along,
 Around the door are gathering a throng."

The bawling comic crier aloft did stand,
 Surrounded by the officious bailiff band,
 Who, like the carrion crows, do linger on,
 Until they've picked, nay polished, every bone.

O yes ! O yes ! the auctioneer did cry,
 All who do mean to purchase pray draw nigh,
 I'll read the articles, which briefly are—
 Cash down for every thing that's purchased here.

“Bring something out, and we will then begin ;
 Little's to do—the goods are rather thin ;
 I've other two to roup before I rest ;”
 A wag replies—“ I think your trade's the best.”

But now the feeling Lady A——n draws nigh,
 To her the crowd respectfully gave way :
 “Pray, what means this turn out of household stuff?
 Stop instantly—you've gone quite far enough.

“What is your bill ? produce it—on demand
 I'll pay it down into the holder's hand :”
 Abash'd the cruel band stand still and mute ;
 “I say what is it ? quickly turn it out.”

In virtue there is something so sublime,
 As to astound the old and deep in crime ;
 They must admire what they cannot attain,
 For, like the sow to mire, they turn again.

At length the leader of the motley crew,
 Reluctant from his fob the voucher drew—
 “ My Lady, it is only twenty pounds ; ”
 “ Here take it—make your exit from these grounds.”

The most difficult task does yet remain,
 Which is to paint this interesting scene ;
 The gen’rous with the action highly pleased,
 Th’ oppressed as by a miracle relieved.

Quite mute awhile the grateful fam’ly stood,
 Nor thought it real, expecting nothing good,
 School’d by misfortune, whose unsparing rod,
 With many a lash, in life’s rough path did goad.

Even silence speaketh, to the human heart,
 Language more strong than words can e’er impart,
 The grateful look, with grateful tears combined,
 Leaves strong impressions on the feeling mind.

At length this group they utterance do acquire,
 And for their fair deliverer proffer many a prayer,
 That heaven may shower its blessings on her head,
 Preserve her long the friendless to bestead.

Virtue here meeteth with its recompense ;
 Voluptuous luxury soon cloyeth sense ;
 Upon benevolence may we still reflect,
 And aye be pleased with the retrospect.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS EDGAR.

SUMMER's last moon shone full upon the lea,
 The fields, with yellow streak'd, were fair to see ;
 Autumn approaching shower'd her golden store
 Of nutrimental grain—what want we more ?

Yea, I do want the partner of my life,
 The faithful, loving, and the virtuous wife,
 Torn from my bosom, sudden, immature,
 Nor time nor place the wound can ever cure.

M.

Her form was of the finest symmetry,
 Modest her look, and full of dignity,
 Her every feature regular did appear,
 Her voice so tuned, it ravish'd every ear.

Her mental powers so temper'd, blended, form'd,
 A cottage or a palace might adorn'd ;
 Retentive memory, understanding clear,
 Will and affection pious and sincere.

Tenderest emotions ever fill'd her breast
 As she approach'd the couch of the distress'd ;
 Such consolations from her tongue would flow,
 As lit the eye, as dried the tear of woe.

Maternal duties she perform'd with skill,
 Amidst her children, anxious to instil
 Religious precepts, moral virtues pure—
 Happy at home in her own humble bower.

Her breast a sanctuary for all my care,
 She ever would my drooping spirits cheer,
 Encouraged firmly to maintain the strife,
 As the best prelude to a future life.

As oft we strayed by Carron's limpid stream,
When blooming flowerets richly deck'd the green;
With nice, acute discernment she'd describe
The beauties, uses, of each various tribe.

And when by woody dell, where vocal choir
Their notes responsive on the ear do pour,
In vernal months, we sauntered oft along,
List'ning with rapture to the cheering song ;

Their melody she warmly would extol,
Say how their music tranquillized the soul,
Hush'd care, soothed grief, and cheer'd earth's
 gloomy road,
From nature raised the mind to nature's God.

And when ascending the lone mountain's brow,
Where choicest prospects open on the view,
Of variegated landscape, hill and plain,
Wood, streamlet, river, lake, and distant main ;

Upon the mossy turf we would recline,
While cogently she would to me define
The many charms and grandeur of the whole,
Pregnant with moral lessons to the soul.

But now those haunts no pleasure yield to me,
 The flowerets droop—the songsters' melody
 Like funeral dirge, falls mournful on mine ear,
 There's nought in nature can my spirits cheer.

A widower now, most poignantly I mourn
 Her loss—my future life of comfort shorn ;
 My heart shall vibrate to the tale of woe,
 Till death's unerring shaft shall lay me low.

But why should I repine at Heaven's decree ?
 The gain is her's—the loss it falls to me ;
 If faith and virtue seek at last the skies,
 Among the blest she raiseth now her voice.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

JANUARY 1ST, 1821.

THE tide of time with regular pace moves on,
 We scarce can mark its flow until 'tis gone ;
 Our days, our months, our years do pass away,
 Yet we remain as thoughtless and as gay.

Another rolling year has past,
 And this perhaps may be our last.
 The day of death no man can tell,
 'Tis wrote in heaven where angels dwell.

Human life is as a span,
 A monitor to man
 To be upon the watch
 The happy goal to reach.

When leins are firmly girt and lamps are trimmed,
 The Christian's patient warfare is confirmed,
 To bridegroom's chamber he may straight repair,
 A welcome guest he'll be admitted there.

What chequer'd scenes the last it has displayed !
 Our honour'd Monarch and his son low laid—
 A Sovereign who reigned near sixty years,
 Sincerely mourn'd by a whole people's tears.

He uprightly the sceptre swayed,
 His people cheerfully obeyed ;
 His reign in history will shine
 Conspicuous to the end of time.

Affection, protection,
 His subjects they enjoyed ;

His banner with honour
Wav'd through the world wide.

An honourable peace, it is the boon
Of splendid victories by our soldiers won ;—
Long may the olive branch wave o'er our land,
And ne'er be blighted by war's ruthless hand,

Now cast your eyes abroad on foreign lands,
See Liberty there fettering tyrants' hands ;
Spain led the way, spurring o'er en'mies all,
Naples and Portugal obeyed the call.

Sure liberty she is divine,
Her votaries, the sacred Nine,
Do always on her car attend,
Gainst enemies her to defend.

We'll nourish and cherish
The damsel in our Isle ;
Nor hireling, nor tyrant
Shall ever her defile.

The constitution which our fathers framed,
By us quite unimpaired shall be maintained ;
Gainst all subverters of the public weal,
While Terra's ball does round her axle wheel.

The sable sons of Hayti, in their turn,
 The galling chain of slav'ry from them spurn—
 A long insulted and much injured race
 Against tyrannic rule have set their face.

The sacred fire of liberty,
 Like subtle electricity,
 Does quickly leap from heart to heart
 A living impulse to impart.

Her grand charter's fine aperture
 Is in the heart's core ;
 Nor anarchy, nor tyranny,
 Shall e'er her dome explore.

Freedom, a charter from the Archives of Heaven,
 As a rich boon to all mankind was given ;
 Whoe'er does robe him of this right divine,
 Deserves the execration of mankind.

The moral world must next our theme engage—
 In all things this is a most wond'rous age ;
 The Gospel preached in every foreign shore—
 The Bible given to the mean and poor.

Before the Gospel's cheering ray
 The shadows they do fly away ;

The healing balsam of the soul
 Will be diffused from pole to pole.
 Still in this virtuous purpose persevere ;
 The boon is small, the satisfaction great ;
 The grandest, noblest structure mortals e'er,
 A Christianized world our joys complete.
 Each rolling year our prospects do expand ;
 Still more and more of the Almighty hand
 In this great work conspicuous do appear--
 Success is certain, and the triumph near.

A WALK IN THE CHURH-YARD AND CHURCH OF DURRISDEER.

Oh, Death ! thou art a tyrant cruel and stern,
 No mortal can thy vengeful wrath disarm,
 Inexorable and fatal thy command,
 All ages fall by thy unsparing hand.

Quite unavailing parents' tears and cries ;
 This stone informs me that beneath it lies

An infant baby, only six months old,
Torn from the nipple and the mother's hold.

Here is interred the stripling of fifteen,
With whom I've often gamboll'd on the green,
And pass'd in harmless sports full many an hour;
The recollection makes my spirits lower.

Nor strength nor manhood can avert the blow,
The man of thirty-six here lieth low;
A widow and four children him deplore,
Friendless and helpless;—Heaven, thy blessing
shower,
In mercy on them in affliction's hour.

The hoary head the tomb has also reached,
Unto four-score and five the span's been stretched,
Like a ripe shock of corn mature cut down,
And gone in faith t' enjoy a heavenly crown.

Deposited is here the sacred dust
Of the dear friend in whom I placed my trust,
His heart was open, and his soul sincere,
My confidence he to the last did share.

Here reverend preachers of the gospel sleep,
 When I survey their tombs it makes me weep ;
 Our fathers from this scene forever fled,
 The prophets also numbered with the dead.

Here Daniel M'Michael's stone is seen,
 Who by Dalziel was murdered at Dalveen,
 For holding fast the Saviour's gospel laws,
 Opposing tyrants and their hellish cause.

Why doth impious man presume to stain
 Their memory who did the truth maintain ?
 To their unconquerable faith we owe
 The blessings great which from our constitution
 flow.

Unto that hallowed fane I now will hie,
 And see if aught attract the musing eye ;
 Yonder escutcheons on the wall declare
 That more than common dust lies buried there.

Above that gate of workmanship so fine,
 That long has stood the ravages of time,
 Engraved on stone I mark the word "*Forward,*"
 Which sign invites me to the inmost ward.

Four tall Corinthian pillars meet mine eye,
 Supporting a superb and seemly canopy,
 O'er the aperture leading to the vault,
 But 'tis fast lock'd—so I must make a halt.

This sculpture seems as if possessed of life—
 The loving husband, and the faithful wife
 Do side by side in elegance repose,
 An union of the Thistle and the Rose.

Around the little weeping statues stand,
 Which admiration and respect command,
 The falling lip, and tear upon the cheek,
 To every mind pathetic language speak.

A festoon'd drapery encircleth all ;
 But sure it wounds me to the very soul,
 To see such grandeur falling to decay,
 Which might have ages stood a fine display.

Of monumental architecture grand,
 Which almost is unrivall'd in the land,
 The sculptor has display'd consummate skill,
 Which few can equal—none perhaps excell.

Above a cherub bright displays a roll—
 I will draw near and try to read the scroll ;
 Statesman, negotiator, patriot true—
 The highest honours monarchs can bestow.

A female of the most ennobled line,
 From ancestors that still in history shine ;
 But her own virtues shed a greater blaze
 Around her, than the sculptor's or the poet's praise.

But, what availeth all this splendid show,
 Unto the dust that mouldereth below ?
 Although the Sculpture gratefully I prize,
 There's nought but virtue raiseth to the skies.

Before the Judge, all on a level stand—
 Peasants and peers, and princes of the land ;
 In the Almighty's eye nought can avail,
 But blood of Jesus shed, the soul to heal.

SONGS.

SONGS.

*The following Song was composed after the
fracas Bonaparte raised in the Drawing-
room, on the 14th March, 1803, when Lord
Whitworth was Ambassador at Paris, after
the Peace of Amiens.*

AIR.—“The girl I left behind me.”

'GAIN Bonaparte has revived,
The bug-bear of invasion,
And with his hundred thousand threats,
T' annihilate our nation.

Us to subdue is not his aim,
Lest we again should vex him ;
Exterminate us once, and ne'er
We'll more again perplex him.

Come, boasting tyrant, come away,
 Your threats strive to maintain them ;
 We're ready waiting on our shores,
 And shall you entertain then.

You'll be served up good British cheer,
 Both bombs and bullets warmly ;
 Likewise, for your dessert, you'll have
 The bayonet to charm ye.

Come quickly then, O come away,
 What makes you thus to linger ?
 If fame speaks true, your Majesty
 Despises every danger.

Our gallant tars are on the main,
 And will conduct you over ;
 Their anxious prayer is but to have
 You in the straits of Dover.

At Lodi and Marengo too,
 Dame Fortune did befriend you ;
 At best she's but a kittle jade,
 And sometimes does disdain you.

For Acre's walls, and Egypt's plains,
 We made you leave behind you ;
 So shall we do our British shores,
 If here a grave don't find you.

THE EXPEDITION.

AIR.—“Bundle and go.”

I AM a young lad scarcely yet twenty-five ;
 To all the gay pleasures of life I'm alive ;
 Among the young ladies I love much to toy,
 And they always do call me a rambling boy.

For I ne'er, I ne'er, I never will wed ;
 I'll not be tied to a haughty young bride ;
 For I wish, I wish, I wish to live free,
 The shackles of wedlock shall ne'er bind me.

A bachelor's life is so cheerful and gay,
 There's nought to disturb him by night or by day ;

Canker care to his heart it is quite unknown,
A stranger to him is a scold or a frown.

For I ne'er, I ne'er, &c.

But there is a young lady, above all the rest,
Of something divine, I am sure, she's possess'd,
For I cannot withstand the blink of her e'e,
Tho' still I incline to live single and free.

For I ne'er, I ne'er, &c.

This morning I met her on the dewy lawn,
I civilly question'd her where she was gaun';
She scornful replied, " O ! what's that to you ?
With a misanthrope I'll have nothing to do."

For I ne'er, I ne'er, &c.

Young Peggy is gone with our swain to the West,
In her gayest apparel, no doubt, she is dress'd ;
Her cheeks have acquired an additional bloom ;
From this expedition good news we'll have soon.

And now, and now we're told they are wed,
They are join'd together for good or for bad ;
Long, long may they live, and happy aye be,
And ne'er have a wish again to be free.

THE FORTUNATE INTERVIEW.

AIR—‘Sair, sair was my heart, when I parted wi’ my Jean.’

IN April’s sweet month, in the spring time of the year,

I chanced to take a walk down by yon river clear,
Where I met a maiden with mien and air so gay,
She look’d like some Venus or Queen of the May.

Where I met a maiden, &c.

Her eyes were like the dew-drop, her skin like
the snow;

Her cheeks like the roses in May or June that
blow;

Her bonny heaving bosom, such youth and sweets
did show,

That Cupid, with his dart, did strike me through
and through.

Her bonny heaving bosom, &c.

I said, “My pretty fair maid, if you will marry me,
Throughout life’s rugged path still happy will we
be;

If Fortune she does smile, we will use her gifts
with grace :

If she frowns, we will hope she soon will turn the
chace."

If Fortune she does smile, &c.

Then she turned about, says, " Young man, what
do you mean ?

Give me none of your prattling, nor any such thing;
If I wish to wed, I'll choose another than you;"
So tripping lightly off, she bade me adieu.

If I wish to wed, &c.

" If you do prove cruel, to the wain I will go,
Where I'll ne'er turn my back, but rush upon the
fee;

Perhaps some kindly bullet will quickly lay me
low,

Where no friend's to pity, nor shed the tear of woe.

Perhaps some kindly bullet, &c.

She turned on her heel, with a sympathetic look,
Says, " Young man, you surely do my meaning
mistake ;"

The roses on her cheeks did then begin to blow,
 When she flattering said, " You know, you know,
 you know."

The roses on her checks, &c.

I clasp'd her in my arms, and kiss'd her ruby lips,
 I envied no monarch whate'er he does possess ;
 The miser he may pore o'er his coffers of gold,
 I'll love my dearest Jean cast in nature's finest
 mould.

The miser he may pore, &c.

Then the banns were published without a delay,
 And quickly arrived our happy bridal day ;
 When Hymen has joined us and through life
 made us one,
 Rich or poor we're happy, we'll do the best we
 can.

When Hymen has joined us, &c.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MOORE.

ALL night on their arms our brave veterans lay,
 By the walls of Corrunna awaiting the day,
 At length the dawn peeps o'er the eastern hills,
 When brave dauntless Moore to his soldiers he
 calls—

**“ Stand to arms, my brave heroes, we’re Britons
 by name,**
**Let us prove ourselves such, and be Britons by
 fame.”**

Let us prove ourselves such, &c.

The thundering cannons do now loudly roar,
 The stern front of battle all dreadful doth lower;
 When the sharp sighted Moore did quickly esp'y
 The position commanded by the enemy.

**“ Storm yon batt’ry, my lads, ’tis the key of the
 plain,**

**’Tis a post we must have, or we’ll ne’er cross the
 Main.”**

’Tis a post we must have, &c.

**With courage the post they do three times assail,
'Gainst o'erpowering numbers they could not pre-
vail ;**

**To the brave forty-second the General flew,—
“ My comrades in Egypt remember 'tis you.”
“ Lead us on, lead us on, we will take it or die,
'Tis yonder the standard of Britain shall fly.”**

'Tis yonder the standard, &c.

**As they forward advanced, a spent cannon ball
Struck the breast of our hero, alas ! he did fall,
They bore him from the field was the terror of
France ;**

**Still in rapture he cries to our soldiers “ advance !”
The post they have gained, his comrades did cry,
“ Since Britain's victorious, contented I die.”**

Since Britain's victorious, &c.

THE BANKS OF CARRON.

AIR—“Banks of Inverary.”

‘TIS on the banks of Carron the primroses blow,
 The cowslips and daisy, and violet also;
 The birch exhales its fragrance, the sweet smelling thorn,

And hardy British oak our Carron’s stream adorn.

The far lowing herds graze upon thy sloping banks,
 In thy lofty mountains the lambkins play their
 pranks;

To describe thy beauties does far exceed my lay,
 Thy scenery is romantic, thy maidens they are
 gay.

In the morning of life on thy banks I’ve strayed,
 With my juvenile companions my gambols displayed;

When from corroding cares my bosom was free,
 No vexing anxieties annoyed or haunted me.

Arrived at that period when the passion of love
Does flutter round the heart and all the soul does
move,

The beauties of a female soon fix'd my roving eye,
If she does prove cruel, there's nought but woe
for I.

With the beauty of her person there's none can
compare,

Her cheeks of the roses hue, dark auburn her hair;
With the snow on yonder mountain her skin it
may vie,

Her eyes like the jet so black, her teeth like ivory.

These external beauties, tho' pleasant to behold,
They are but the silver, her mind it is the gold ;
She never sees distress but the tear starts in her e'e,
To charity she joins the sweetest sympathy.

Ye powers that rule above, attend unto my prayer,
With equal affection fill the heart of my fair ;
Then on the banks of Carron in happiness we'll
stray,

Pull the primrose and daisy that blossom there so
gay.

Had I the princely domains of worthy Buccleuch,
 The honour of Wellington, or gold of Peru,
 With none but lovely Mary the same I would
 share,
 I'd press her to my bosom, and bid adieu to care.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

AIR—"Jamie Reyly."

'Tis all you feeling hearted,
 Attend unto my song ;
 My theme's not war nor battles
 On which I've dwelt so long.
 Tis conjugal affection
 That I will now relate,
 Which you will find conspicuous
 In Madame Lavalette.

With anxious solicitude,
 She comes the King before,

Throws herself at his feet,
 His mercy to implore ;
 Sure imperious is the law,
 Or steeled must be the heart,
 To refuse such a suppliant
 As Madame Lavallete.

When to obtain his pardon
 All influence was vain,
 Yet still her soul heroic,
 Unshaken did remain.
 And with true female policy,
 Scarce witness'd e'er before,
 She most archly did contrive
 A famous *ruse de guerre*.

She went into the prison,
 To save his life still bent,
 When to dress him in her clothes
 To work she quickly went.
 The office of the valet
 So well she did perform,
 Without the least suspicion,
 The prison he got from.

But mark the consternation

Of keepers and of court,

Unto the light-heeled police

They instantly resort.

I hope the gallant General

He will steer of them clear,

I wish him every success

And over the Frontier,

You ladies all of England

That break the marriage vow,

That husbands leave, and children dear,

Your amours to pursue.

From such a breach of modesty

With wickedness replete,

Look at my virtuous heroine—

The faithful Lavalette.

THE POET'S CREED.

AIR—“ Young Colin did me ask what life I would choose.”

I don't covet riches, they make themselves wings,
And fly from the grasp of both commons and
kings ;

I don't covet honours, because in these days
They are often bestowed on the worthless and base,

On the worthless and base,
On the worthless and base,

They are often bestowed on the worthless and base,

Independence I covet for reasons quite plain,
I'll not cringe to the rich for favour or gain,
Nor to the unworthy will I honour pay—

Tho' power should command me, I will not obey,
I will not obey,
I will not obey,

Tho' power should command me, I will not obey.

But genius and virtue I highly revere,
In whatever station of life they appear ;

Heaven of its bounty does on them bestow,
 And aye in their praises my numbers shall flow,
 My numbers shall flow,
 My numbers shall flow,
 And aye in their praises my numbers shall flow.

THE WATERLOO HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AIR—"Blythe was the day when ye fee'd wi' my father, O."

How smooth pass'd the time while Donald was
 near me,
 Through the long summer day I never was weary,
 When he told me his love, I felt such emotion,
 That words can't express, nor convey any notion.

When they talked of war, how his eyes they would
 brighten,
 Which boded of danger, and did me affrighten;

The Chief gave the call, and my Donald was
ready,

With the brave Forty-Second march'd my dear
Highland laddie.

To sing of their feats on the plains of Iberia,
It volumes would fill, and your patience would
weary.

They fought at Corunna, Salamanca, and Vittoria,
Where never-fading laurels gain'd our brave
Highland laddies a'.

When the olive-branch of Peace o'er Europe ex-
tended,

I cannot express how my glad heart expanded,
Haste lazy time, haste on and do not tarry,
And restore to my arms my sweet lovely dearie.

But Boney of Elbow-room being now wearied,
'Gain's landed in France, and his Eagles has
reared.

Where *Vive l'Empereur* resounds through the
nation,

And our brave Highland lads must again take
their station.

Old Louis dethroned, his legions he has marshall'd,
 Quick as lightning to Belgium the tyrant he's
 marched,

To cut up the Allies piecemeal the subtle fiend
 studies,

But was stopt at Quatre Bras by our Highland
 laddies.

The eighteenth of June will be kept in recollec-
 tion,

While the planets obey the power of attraction,
 How on Waterloo plain our squares stood so
 steady,

That the French Cuirassiers could not move our
 Highland laddies.

Now the rose droops its head, and the violet looks
 weary,

The glories of summer no more they are cheerie,
 And when death gives the stroke, to go I am ready,
 Since on Waterloo plain lies my dear Highland
 laddie.

The dark mists that envelope the lofty Cairngorm,
 Seem to sympathise with the state of my bosom,

Where no faint ray of hope but darkness pervades
 aye,
 Since no more I will meet with my dear High-
 land laddie.

THE GREYS.

AIR—"Jolly Jack Tar."

To our brave Highland lads, my pipes I have
 screw'd,
 And sung in their praises as well as I could ;
 Now my shell I will string, tho' artless my lays,
 And in my best numbers I'll sing of the Greys.
 Cut them down, down—how the Greys cut
 them down !

In what gallant style our brave heroes advance !
 Regardless they are of the pride of old France ;

O

Our Highlanders, give them a hearty huzza—
 Face them up,—we'll follow,—and finish them a'.
 Cut them down, down—how the Greys cut
 them down !

No armour they have, but their hearts they are
 true ;

The French cuirassiers down like thistles theyhew;
 These steel-cased lobsters they make sore to rue
 The day they appeared on thy field, Waterloo.

Cut them down, down—how the Greys cut
 them down !

Their infantry squares they cut up like nine-pins;
 Behold, with what malice stern Boney he grins!
 How they form—how they charge—wheel—clear
 —and advance !

“ Yon fellows they will prove the ruin of France.
 Cut us down, down—how you Greys cut us
 down ?”

Again he surveys our brave lads through his glass;
 Cries, “ What fine cavaliers are yon gallant Scotch
 Greys !

Tho' few is their number, they will us undo,
The eagle of France to the lion must bow.

Cut us down, down—how the Greys cut us
down!"

See brave Sergeant Ewart, like Hector, advance,
And fearlessly seize the proud eagle of Francee ;
Who comes to its rescue he quickly cuts down,
And bears the proud trophy into Brussels town.

Cut them down, down—how brave Ewart
cut them down !

Sir James Stewart, so gen'rous, I cannot pass by,
He took leave of his men, with the tear in his eye;
“ Of your courage, my boys, I am not afraid—
Who comes back, gets a house and rousing kail-
yard.”

Cut them down, down—brave boys, cut them
down !

Now, fill up a bumper, I'll drink to the Greys,
For surely too much can't be said in their praise ;
Their Scotia's pride—to their King they are true;
And their fame will endure like the word WA-
TERLOO.

Around, around, push the Greys' health around !

A CURLING SONG.

Written in December, 1815.

AIR—"Tak' yourauld cloak about ye."

Go, gentle folk, to cards and dice,
 Your money lose, and credit pawn ;
 Scotch peasants hurry to the ice,
 A game that more becomes a man.

There, vig'rous health we do acquire—
 Each nerve is braced, each sinew strung ;
 It makes us look both fresh and fair—
 Old age itself it makes seem young.

" Go, skips, and fix upon your tees,
 And with just circles them surround ;
 Mark off the hog, toss for the ice,
 And let our skill and mirth abound.

" Now, Geordie, give us a good lead—
 I hope to-day your hand is in ;
 O ! very well 'tis play'd indeed ;
 See ! see ! it rests the ring within.

“ Now, Jamie, draw unto his back,
 But, mind I wish you not to strike ;
 Skill, skill, my lad, thou dost not lack—
 Right seldom I have seen the like.

“ Now, Willie, lay me here a guard,
 I wish you to lie at my broom ;
 O do not sweep, I am afraid
 It rather will be here too soon.”

But each particular to relate,
 Is not the object of my song ;
 How Fortune often shifted quite,
 And wish'd-for victory did prolong.

In-rings were play'd, and shots were drawn,
 And guards laid to a very hair ;
 Conspicuous science was display'd—
 There was no boys' play sported there.

Now to the tavern they repair,
 With beef and greens themselves regale ;
 And some toss up the whisky clear,
 While each relates his favourite tale :—

How many famous shots he play'd ;
 How often near the tee was seen :
 In short, each curler almost said,
 He thought he might the skip have been.

Old Scotia, still hold up your head,
 Thy laurels never bloom'd so bra' ;
 Tho' still it grieves you sore indeed,
 For thy brave sons who late did fa', *

At Waterloo, that glorious day,
 Where liberty it was the game ;
 Thy part thou didst most nobly play,
 And did immortal honour gain.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CRESCENT.

Good Morrow, dear neighbour, what news have
 you got ?
 Is there nought in the papers 'bout war or 'bout plot ?

* The above was written in the winter immediately succeeding the battle of Waterloo.

How does the French nation now relish their king?
Is the good Alexander still the same thing?

Down, down, down with all tyrants! down,
down!

The news that I hear's 'bout the Dey of Algiers,
Who's got his proud castles pull'd down 'bout his
ears;

The Christians he murdered at Bona, you know,
Tho' bound all such barbarous deeds to forego.

Down, down, down with the pirates! down,
down.

Lord Exmouth at first he strove hard to cheat,
For as soon as he weighed with the bold British
fleet,

His dark scowling mind, on its purpose intent,
To passions malignant did then give full vent.

Down, down, down with the pirates! down,
down!

Lord Exmouth had scarcely arrived on our
shore,

When the dismal news from Bona came o'er,

Which with indignation each Briton did fill,
 And loudly for vengeance they cried one and all.
 Down, down, down with the pirates ! down,
 down !

The prince and his people were both of one mind,
 And who can resist when such powers are com-
 bined ?

A new expedition was quickly rigged out,
 The means to the end were adapted no doubt.
 Down, down, down with the pirates ! down,
 down !

The gallant Lord Exmouth again he set sail,
 And Heaven vouchsafed a most prosperous gale,
 Redress of the Dey he did promptly demand,
 But no answer he got from his ruffian band.

 Down, down, down with the pirates ! down,
 down !

The Queen Charlotte then moor'd within pistol
 shot,
 In true British style, gave her broadside so hot,

That the Dey, quite astounded, by Mahomet
swore,

That our tars had Vesuvius or Etna brought o'er.
Down, down, down with the Crescent ! down,
down !

In a twinkling his marine was all in a blaze,
When the impious Dey to the great Prophet says,
“ Of thy power, holy Mahomet, I am in doubt,
From these Christians I’ve got such a desperate
bout.”

Down, down, down with the Crescent ! down,
down !

A treaty was instantly signed on the spot,
In which each demand our brave Admiral got,
No pirates again to appear on the sea,
And all Christian slaves to obtain liberty.
Rejoice, rejoice, generous Britons, rejoice !

THE EMIGRANT.

AIR—“Wandering Bard.”

NANCY she's possessed of beauty,
 Virtue rare and filial duty,
 Her parents brought her up devoutly,
 Under their paternal care ;
 Willie he became her lover,
 His addresses they did move her,
 'Cause in him she did discover
 An affection that's sincere.

Willie he possess'd a mailing ;
 Seasons bad, and markets falling,
 Sundry of his merchants failing,
 He has lost most of his gear ;
 Now the laird for rent is dunning,
 Former friends their backs are turning,
 Willie, weary of such scorning,
 Will brave the Atlantic's roar.

Nancy cannot leave her parents,
Principle it does not warrant,
And her love, though ne'er so violent,
Unto duty must give way.
A ring 'twixt them they break asunder,
Mutual vows they do come under,
Before Him that rules the thunder,
To be true to their dying day.

She to the shore convoys her lover,
How the parting it did move her !
My weak Muse she here must hover—
To paint the scene's above her power.
Now the *North Star* she is sailing,*
And Nancy is her love bewailing,
Soon the wide Atlantic swelling
Will sever this loving pair.

* The above Song was written when the North Star sailed with the first of the emigrants from Dumfries.

THE SHEPHERD's COMPLAINT.

AIR—" See the ship in the bay is riding."

SEE the bee from the heath returning
 Deeply laden with ev'ry sweet ;
 See the ant her duty performing,
 Storing her cells the storm to meet.
 The fields with yellow grain are waving,
 The trees are laden with mellow fruit ;
 Nature through all her works is charming—
 But I cannot enjoy the treat.

For Sally's charms are overpowering,
 Deep is the wound from her jet black eye ;
 Her heart is cold as the dew of morning,
 And hard's the fate of poor wounded I.
 Happy the slave to the oar that's chained,
 Happy the convict in the mine—
 Their situation is bemoaned,
 But no moan there is made for mine.

When of my love I do make mention
 She treats my suit with playful jeer ;
The more I strive to gain attention
 Her wit does sparkle more severe.

O why should womankind torment us ?
 Why should they treat mankind with scorn ?
Of them the strikingest prospectus
 Is the blow on the prickling thorn.

Sally, hearing her love complaining,
 No longer wantonly could play,
 Her sympathizing heart lamenting,
 Softly to him she thus did say :
 “ O why the sex thus boldly slander,
 Your Sally she is not unkind ;
 But young men’s love is prone to wander,
 They are inconstant as the wind.

“ But if to me you will prove constant,
 You shall have no cause to complain ;
 If you obtain my father’s consent,”
 She blushing said, “ depend on mine.”
 In transport then her hand he grasped,
 Cries—“ my dearest thou art divine,

My happiness it is completed,
Since to my wishes you incline."

WRITTEN AT A PLOWING MATCH HELD AT
HOLSTAIN, IN SPRING 1818.

AIR—"There was a jolly milker."

Now wars alarms are over,
Peace o'er the world prevails,
Cheering, smiling industry,
Pervades our hills and dales.
Of all the occupations
That mankind do pursue,
None yields so rich a harvest
As the prolific plough.

Now the sons of Caledon
They do themselves exert,
And are expert proficients
In this most ancient art.

In every district annually
 For prizes they compete,
 Which certes has a tendency
 To make their skill complete.

All ranked up in order
 Our ploughmen they do stand,
 Ready the lists to enter
 At the word of command.
 The word given, their teams they rein,
 And right to work they go,
 Endeavouring who shall most excell
 In holding of the plough.

Their furrows straight they do draw,
 And lay them smooth and fair ;
 Scots ploughmen have no rivals
 That can with them compare
 Thro' Europe make a circuit,
 Old Scotia bears the gree,
 Her husbandry's unmatched
 For skill—dexterity.

THE BANKS OF CLOUDEN.

AIR—"Willie o' Campsie."

In June when sweet flow'rets the plains do adorn,
 Right early I strayed abroad in the morn,
 On a daisy bank 'neath a sweet scented thorn,
 I set myself down the fine landscape to see.
 Clunden's limpid streams did meander below
 And soothingly murmured and onward did flow,
 In Nith's pure bosom her flood to bestow,
 Then in union and grandeur roll on to the sea.

In midst of the landscape appeared fair Dumfries,
 The haunt of the Muses, politeness, and peace,
 Whose sweet situation ne'er faileth to please,
 And modern improvements we all must admire.
 As round the horizon I did cast mine eyes,
 Queensberry's blue top did majestic arise,
 And Criffel his brow o'er the Solway did raise ;
 To such grand combinations few scenes can as-
 pire.

While thus I sat musing on objects so grand,
 Which high admiration must always command,
 Young Jessie came gliding o'er the spangled land,

Which feelings excited I ne'er felt before.

Her eyes like the dew-drop, that tipped the grass,
 So full of expression that nought could surpass ;
 Her complexion more fine than the moss cover'd
 rose.

Such beauties they wounded me to the heart's
 core.

I rose, and with tremulous voice, to her said,—
 “ If you'll but consent to be my sweet bride,
 Through life we'll be happy, whatever betide,

The cares of this life will light seem with thee.”
 She answered me with a sweet witching smile—
 “ You men do endeavour young maids to beguile ;
 For me I shall never be caught in the toil—

So young man you must woo another than me.”

“ If my ardent passion you treat thus with scorn,
 No more I will wander abroad in the morn ;
 No more I will relish the sweet-scented thorn,

Lincluden's old ruin my haunt still shall be.”

" If I was assured that you would prove true,
 My heart's deepest secret I'd mention to you,
 Which is, that you do most successfully woo ;"
 Modest blushing, the tear drop did moisten her
 eye.

To my bosom in transport I straight did her press,
 And stole from her lips a sweet balmy kiss ;
 But what were my feelings I ne'er can express,
 Her dark flowing tresses her blushes conceal'd.
 Now we are united, for better for worse,
 To the banks of Clouden we'll oft steer our course,
 Admiring the flowerets that there sweetly blow,
 Hid by the sweet thorn where our love we re-
 veal'd.

THE BANKS OF SCAR.

Air—" Roslin Castle."

WHEN vernal suns, and vernal showers
 Are felt restoring Nature's powers,

I stray'd abroad to take the air,
Upon the pleasant banks of Scar.

The Larch display'd a lively green,
And golden buds adorn'd the Plane ;
The Oak its verdure slowly rear'd,
And slower still the Ash appear'd.

The Mavis and the Linnet sang ;
To Blackbird's notes wild echoes rang ;
The Lark and Thrush in chorus joined—
Such harmony is rare combined.

I walk'd along, and did admire
The music of the vocal choir,
And Nature's sweets, that bloom'd so fair,
On the romantic banks of Scar.

Beneath an Elm, with woodbine clad,
I spied a youthful lovely maid ;
She did appear in pensive mood,
And seem'd to court sweet solitude :

“ Thou Queen of this fine sylvan scene,
By nature form'd to entertain,

Why so dejected, tell to me,
And you shall have my sympathy."

"The time has been when I, like you,
Could love, enjoy the scene you view;
But now those days are ever fled,
Since William's number'd with the dead.

"The flow'rets now may spring and blow,
The trees their buds and foliage show,
The feather'd choir may sweetly sing;
But life for me hath no sweet spring.

A dreary winter is my heart,
Nothing can joy to it impart;
Soon o'er my grave the wind shall blow,
And to my William I will go."

Alas! shall beauty fade so soon?
Shall sun go down before 'tis noon?
But virtue's self will never die,
It bloometh fairer 'bove the sky.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.

More happy I am, thus following my plough,
 Than warrior with laurels adorning his brow,
 Or statesman, by sovereign invested with power,
 Or miser with millions, still grasping for more.

On my pillow in peace I soundly repose,
 Till the lark's matin song, at my window that
 flows,
 Wakes from sweetest of slumbers—from dreams
 of my Jean,
 All blooming and lovely, though scarcely eighteen.

Methought that to church we in mirth did repair,
 With bride-maids in plenty, attending my fair,
 My heart was delighted, and bounded with joy,
 At the prospect of union for life that was nigh.

Before us the music most lively did play,
 "O to be married, if this be the way!"

**Each swain and his lass were enlinked in style,
The language of love spoke in look and in smile.**

**Ah ! why, thou intruder, wake me while I dream ?
Mount high in mid air, hail the first polar beam ;
But why should I chide you ?—thy carrol so true
Makes labour delightful—no toil is the plough.**

**That dreams are but fables has often been said,
I cannot, I will not believe it indeed ;
When the first gleam of sunshine flew o'er the
Satlaw,
I met my dear Jeanie alone in the Shaw.**

**Round her white snowy neek I encircled my arms,
I gave her a kiss, then I gazed on her charms,
All covered with blushes, she chid me severe,
I repeated the trespass—“ The fault's yours, my
dear.”**

**Oh ! who can the darts of these black eyes with-
stand ?
Or who can resist the soft touch of thy hand ?**

Thy bosom all lovely, thy face young and fair,
 Thy smiles and thy blushes, drive me to despair.

If you do not consent to be my sweet bride,
 I'll off to the Indies, and there will abide,
 No more will your Jamie be found at the plough,
 Remember, dear Jeanie, the cause lies with you."

" O Jamie, don't leave your own native shore,
 You've gain'd my affection, I frankly declare;
 Be constant and loving, as Jeanie is kind,
 And we'll brave life's rude tempests, united in
 mind."

Now truly to church in mirth we'll repair,
 With brides'-maidens plenty attending my fair:
 My heart is delighted, and boundeth with joy,
 As our union for life it now draweth nigh.

Additional Poems.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

*The Arrival, Reception, and Departure, of
Prince CHARLES and his Army at, and from
Dumfries, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of De-
cember, 1745.*

[“On the 22d or 23d of December, 1745, the Rebel army, under the command of CHARLES-EDWARD STUART, eldest son of the Pretender to the British Throne, and calling himself Prince of Wales, arrived at Dumfries, in its retreat from England. The ill-fated young Prince, then in the 25th year of his age, occupied THIS HOUSE (the Commercial Inn of Dumfries, kept by Mrs Williamson) belonging, at that time, to a gentleman of the town, and continued two or three days in it. When he was sitting down one night to supper, IN THIS APARTMENT, with his principal officers, (several other persons being in the room), information was brought, by a person sent to procure intelligence, that the forces commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, were in full march pursuing him:—The supper was immediately carried down stairs, and a council held in the adjoining

apartment.—The Prince came afterwards to supper, with a dejected countenance ; and commenced his march northwards, early next morning.

“ These particulars were well known in Dumfries at the time. The information respecting the Duke of Cumberland’s army was erroneous, and was said to have arisen from a report propagated, at the moment, in the lower part of the county, for the purpose of inducing the Rebel army to hasten its departure.

“ The loyalty of the town of Dumfries was sufficiently known. A sum of three thousand pounds, which had been demanded by the Rebels, and paid, was afterwards allowed to the town by Government.”]

The Author being in the Commercial Inn, one evening, last winter, and seeing the above, printed on pasteboard, suspended over the chimney-piece, he was requested by a friend in company to turn it into verse, which he shortly accomplished as follows :—

As Jacobite relics have long been the ton,
The theme I will try, in our own county town---
A town which for neatness and beauty may vie
With the first in the Isle, all strangers agree.

In December’s deep gloom, in the year forty-five,
Prince Charles and his army they here did arrive ;
His flag was displayed from a window above,
But our fealty the pageant by no means could
move.

To our blest Constitution we firm are, and true ;
 Our necks to no tyrants we ever will bow ;
 And anarchy, too, we as truly abhor—
 Those fiends of destruction we'll drive from our
 shore.

When supper was serving, arrived M'Ghie—
 “The Duke's cross'd the border, from Annan,
 they see ;
 His columns advancing, deep, massy, and strong;
 My Prince, I'm afraid, they'll be here ere 'tis long.”

A council was called, in an adjoining room ;
 The sequel was plain, from the sullen, deep
 gloom ;
 The brow of each chief did but too plainly show
 That by dawn of to-morrow they northward must
 go.

So early next morning, before break of day,
 To the sound of the bagpipe they marched away ;
 To their own native mountains, the home of the
 brave—
 That birth-place of valour, the ocean does lave.

Ascanius ! thy fate most sincerely I mourn,
As many choice virtues thy mind did adorn ;
How weak human nature—'tis too true, alas !
You bartered three crowns for that idol, the Mass.

Now, this house is designed *The Commercial Inn*,
And comfort and neatness pervades all within ;
Even the best in the land may here spend their
time,
And a poet, though poor, in peace woo the Nine.

The hostess, attentive, polite, and sincere,
To her guests serveth up the most delicate fare ;
While modest R——a so artlessly smiles,
That a prince of the land may be caught in love's
toils.

**VILLAGE SCENERY, GAMBOLS, AND
TEA-TABLE.**

BENEATH a heathy mountain's brow,
 A Village opens to the view,
 Romantic scenery—picturesque
 As any between Spey and Esk.

A crystal stream meanders by ;
 A handsome steeple rises high,
 Which doth the parish church much grace,
 Sublime it is in such a place.

Appended to the church a tomb ;
 The like thereof scarce to be found,
 For sculpture in the British isle—
 'Tis life even to a tear or smile.*

* For a description of this tomb, see the Poem "A walk in the Churchyard and Church of Durisdeer."

No more those sweet melodious bells,
 The mournful tale of sorrow tells ;
 No funeral dirge they now do sing,
 They're like a watch without the spring.

No more in Sunday morning's ear,
 They warn us 'tis the day of prayer ;
 Nor summon promptly to convene
 The holy house of God within.

Two bow shot off a Castle stood,
 Of which its lord no doubt was proud ;
 Now levell'd with the very dust,
 As all proud human grandeur must.

The Menzies—an ancient race,
 The thanes were of this rural place ;
 But now the name's almost extinct—
 Such fate might make a sceptic think.

Here Wallace lodged in days of yore,
 Who patriot was to the heart's core ;
 Scotia will still her chieftain mourn—
 Her genius weepeth o'er his urn.

If to the north you cast your eyes,
 Lofty green mountains do arise,
 To gild—diversify the scene ;
 But mark that mountain called Penbean :

Behold the ewes upon it graze,
 The lambkins busy at their plays,
 They run their races with such rule,
 As if taught at Newmarket school.

A Roman station does adorn
 This mountain's base—mute is the horn
 That sounded here, in days long past,
 To summon soldiers to their post.

Now turn you to the south and west,
 Fine fertile plains the eye arrest,
 Which, managed in a proper way,
 Would richest crops of corn display,
 And amply farmers' toil repay.

The parson's house, substantial, neat,
 Though not of the most modern date,

**Yet addeth greatly to the whole,
Which every traveller must extol.**

**But one thing does me much displease,
Those ancient venerable trees
Were unrelentingly cut down
To satiate avarice overgrown.**

**Right in the centre of the scene,
Carron's pure waters flow serene,
Whose sloping banks and wimpling course,
Of pleasure ever is the source.**

**Upon the margin of the plains,
The oaken woods of Mortonmains
Do terminate our southern view,
And pleasures varied, rich bestow.**

**There fairest flowers profusely spring,
And birds of various plummage sing,
Which charm the ear, and warm the heart,
Beyond the melody of art.**

GAMBOLS.

HERE village gambols do prevail ;
See yonder boys, low in the vale,
Busy at play—the game *Nine Pins*,
A monarch's pride he feels who wins.

Another party at the ball,
Thumping it hard against the wall ;
Such gambols, healthful yet severe,
Both nimbleness and strength require.

A sturdy squad hard at the golf,
Their combat seemeth very tough,
They do perspire most copiously,
Their very shirts are hardly dry.

Here some engaged at pitch and toss,
Their halfpence Tom and Will now loss,
Which warms their tempers, courage too,
I doubt a battle will ensue.

Upon yon level smooth green sward,
 Is stripped tradesman, farmer, laird,
 Playing at quoits, that manly game,
 Which my attention now must claim.

“ Robert, I’d have you ring the tee—
 ’Tis gone—you throw the quoit too high ;
 But try’t again with all your skill—
 ’Tis short this time ‘bout half an ~~ell~~.

“ John, now I’d have you try the root,
 O very well the mark is hit ;
 That offers fair—exactly thrown ;
 I think the end it is our own.

“ Thomas, man, try to strike him out,
 I’ve seen you play as leel a shot ;
 Mind you they’re hard on the game head,—
 You’ve done it famous, sir, indeed.”

Placed on a dais close by the door,
 Two sages o’er a board do pore,
 The game is drafts I do descry,
 They’re so intent both mind and eye.

Now William he has got a king,
 Some royal feats I'll have to sing,
 Kings are but men I do perceive,
 He's so beset he cannot move.

The female sex I'll now survey,
 They also busy are at play.
 But very different of its kind,
 Just as their humours are inclined.

Here little Misses dress their dolls,
 And others trundle marble bowls ;
 Some china fragments do array,
 Of future taste no mean display.

Behold around yon bleaching green,
 All spread with linen white and clean,
 Our village maidens fresh and fair,
 At rompus playing free from care.

O youth, how happy glide thy hours !—
 Like fields refresh'd by April showers,
 Enlivening all the floweret train,
 So youth displays a cheerful mien.

A wedding's coming to the church ;
 See Dorothy fling by her crutch,
 And smartly hobble to the door,
 Forgetting that she's just fourscore.

The brides'-maidens, with spirits gay,
 Dress'd in their newest, best array,
 Their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes
 Our city belles would much surprise.

Upon the green our younkers spree,
 The merry dance commence with glee,
 No foreign waltz—the foursome reel,
 They do perform with native skill.

The glass they briskly push about,
 And onlookers do quaff it out ;
 Which revelry and mirth produce—
 The sure effects of barley juice.

But yonder comes the holy man
 To tie the matrimonial ban' ;
 The parties must to church repair,
 Their youthful train close in the rear.

The bride, with blushes covered o'er,
 Heart palpitating to the core,
 Just like Automaton is moved,
 Nor recollects she ever loved.

The guests do gaze upon the pair,
 To mark which of them first do stir,
 As who moves first, the first will die,
 Such is the lore of legendry.

The Gordian knot now fastly tied,
 From church they do retreat with speed ;
 The fiddler now his bow must draw,
 And play up “ Wooed and married an’ a’ ;”

The merry dances now commence,
 The bumpers freely they dispense.
 To all—to toast bridegroom and bride ;
 “ May all that’s good the pair betide !”

Now home to dinner they repair,
 And for the *broos* the swains start fair,
 Jock Supple does them all outstrip,
 And quaffs the *broos* with eager lip.

Now prompt to dinner they convene,
 All lively are—the demon Spleen
 Dare not approach this happy place,
 Mirth and good-will beams in each face.

The dinner o'er, three hearty claps,
 To fright the rattans' greedy chaps,
 With three huzzas so loud and brave,
 They rouse old Echo from her cave.

The country dances now begin,
 And all's hilarity within
 The roomy barn—more happy they
 Than nobles on the gay birth-day.

The nabs the punchbowl now draw near,
 The nappy does their spirits cheer ;
 Some think that they again are young,
 And dance with glee the Highland Fling.

The night in mirth thus rolls away
 Till maidens steal the bride, e'er day,
 To supper, as they fain pretend,
 But unto bed's what they intend.

The lads will not be humbugged so,
 They follow after in a row ;
 But matrons that are up to trap,
 Bolt fast the door with lusty slap.

The bride must now the stocking throw,
 And who it hits, she next must go
 To Hymen's altar, vows to pay ;—
 Such are the jocks on Wedding day.

TEA-TABLE.

This Village has its gossips too,
 Who scandal, as a trade, pursue,
 So eager every rumour catch,
 They'd listen to a midnight watch.

What pleasure this can to them give,
 Baffles my judgment to conceive ;

Their neighbour's faults are not a foil
To cover their malignant soul.

Upon a long December night,
By bleezing fire and candle bright,
Four gossips met, to sip some tea,
In all their village pageantry.

O Tea ! there's something in thy fume
Which doth the human mind illume,
Whene'er thy steam doth reach the brain,
Then oratory doth begin.

These gossips' names I'll not disclose,
Lest they should pull me by the nose,
Or toss me in a blanket sore,
Like Sancho, that famed squire of yore.

But I their ire with scorn despise,
I'll speak my mind without disguise ;
Let those the cloak fits best speak out,
And we shall have a desperate bout.

There's Rachel Rant, Sophia Slee,
A well match'd pair, as e'er can be ;

Judith Jingle, Susanna Spite,
 Which makes this quarto quite complete.

RACHEL.

Sirs, have ye heard that Fanny Flirt,
 At last is lighted in the dirt ;
 She is half gane, they say, and mair ;
 I thought she had a wanton stare.

SOPHIA.

Whae is it too, Rach, can you tell ?
 I wish the jade can do't hersel' ;
 She's carried on for mony years,
 Or else, I'm sure, there's mony liars.

JUDITH.

Tell whae it's too ? I can do that,
 'Tis Willie Gray's, in Gowanflat,
 He's follow'd her for twelvemonths past,
 And left her in the dumps at last.

SUSAN.

I think she'll lower her flunders now ;
 And mair than that, giff a' be true,

He'll ne'er take her ;—I think him right,
She's little worth, and aye's been light.

JUDITH.

And Peggy Poplin, I do learn,
Is mair than sax month's gane wi' bairn
To Johnnie Hunt, o' Hazle-knowe ;
They're off to buy the wedding sowe.

SUSAN.

It seems 'tis gaun to be a match ;
I thought Jock wad been ill to catch ;
Had it not been the spale o' siller,
I think he'd rather ta'en anither.

RACHEL.

Money makes the mare to go,
Without manners, look, or show ;
If they want gear they'll ne'er get men,
Old maids through life they may remain.

SOPHIA.

Ay, maidens now are very rare,
There's few between Dumfries and Ayr ;

Their watchman pickles are away,
Lang, lang, before their wedding-day.

SUSAN.

And there is Betty Bombazeen,
She has twa bonny jet black een ;
But then her cheeks are unco pale,
She always looks as if unwell.

RACHEL.

That's true, Susan, for a' her dress,
There's mony a better looking lass,
She's very shilpet, likewise gray,
But these fine bred anes all are sae.

SOPHIA.

She's proud, and that is warst of a',
Nor will speak frankly ony day ;
Her mems, and sirs, and new coin'd words,
Are fit for ministers and lords.

JUDITH.

Such airs as these I don't admire ;
Too high let people ne'er aspire,

Who would their heads exalt 'bove all,
Are often nearest to a fall.

SUSAN.

And Poll Pelice o' Holland bush,
The lads 'bout her make such a fuss,
As she were something great indeed ;
There's mony a better earsn her bread.

RACHEL.

But then she's of a gentle stock,
Our beaus split often on that rock ;
These pampered-up, proud, saucy things,
A husband soon to poortith brings.

SOPHIA.

Yes, that too often is the case ;
They should look farther than the face ;
As tocher laced within the stays
Most coveted is by the wise.

JUDITH.

So you may say, and so say I,
'Tis what most happiness will gie ;

To our advice I'm much afraid,
There will be paid but small regard.

RACHEL.

The beagles they passed by the day,
To Robin Reid's o' Rashy Brae ;
'Tis what I long expected have—
Robin was always a sly knaye.

SOPHIA.

And then his daughters went sae braw,
They're no like tenants' bairns ava ;
But daughters o' some skelping laird,
So very high they hold their head.

JUDITH.

Poor things what will come o' them now,
They can do nought but prick and sew,
To barn or byre they never went,
Their pride was under no restraint.

SUSAN.

Full many parents may reflect
Upon their culpable neglect

Unto their children whom they ought
To strictest industry up-brought.

RACHEL.

But, O sirs, what's warst on my life,
And like to produce muckle strife,
Neil Neilson's wife she is owre pack
Wi' Peter Pride that filthy rake.

SOPHIA.

Ay, that is worse than a' that's said,
Who do defile the marriage bed,
To principle pay no respect,
And first of duties do neglect.

JUDITH.

With common folk it is more rare,
Than those that move in higher sphere;
A paper I can't read not one,
That's fill'd not with some black *Crim. Con.*

SUSAN.

The manners still are turning worse.
When I was young, the word *divorce*

Could not be named without disgust,
So adherent was filthy lust.

RACHEL.

Was you at church last Sabbath day?
The minister forgot to pray
For yon sick person was read out,
His mem'ry is but short, I doubt.

SOPHIA.

Short sine a pillar of the Kirk,
He lost his way, said it was mirk ;
But I believe it is as true
H'd got a wee drap o' the blue.

JUDITH.

Three pair were cried on Sabbath last—
Old maids are slipping off full fast,
And that with only stripling boys—
Such is the love that soonest cloys.

SUSAN.

The widower o' Whinny Know
Is gaen to get a wife 'tis true ;

R

**Keep me ! four months are scarcely past
Since his first partner breathed her last.**

'The clock it now did strike eleven,
When stammering in the auld guidman,—
“ Kimmers, I think you're sitting late,
The moon she very soon will set,
And then perhaps you'll tine the gate.”

The parties now they slid away,
Tho' still they muckle had to say ;
But soon again they will forgather
To gossip ill o' ane anither.

O calumny, offspring of malice dire !
More poignant is thy smart than hottest fire ;
To live defamed is worse than death to those
Who honour value, and strict virtue choose.

NOTES.

NOTES.

BATTLE BETWIXT THE MOORLAND AND SPANISH RAMS.

This poem is founded on fact. Some time ago a gentleman, in the Author's neighbourhood, procured a Spanish Ram, in order to try what improvement he could make on the wool of his flock. In the month of November, in the tupping season, a tup of the true Scotch breed straying from his own flock, in his wanderings met with this Spanish ram, when a battle ensued, and the Spaniard fell.

A scion of a far-famed flock, &c.

The Prime Minister to Charles the Fourth of Spain, about the time this poem was written, viz. Nov. 1811, was supposed to be master of the finest and most numerous flock of Merinos in all Spain.

Who fought it best at Talavera?

My readers will recollect that the Spaniards, under Cuesta, at the battle of Talavera, refused to fight because it was Sunday—perhaps they had stronger motives.

THE BEWILDERED SHEPHERD.

Winter 1793-94, up to the 24th of January, was one of the mildest that any person then living recollects. You could not take a newspaper into your hand without meeting with several paragraphs indicative of the mildness of the season—such as flowers in blow, gooseberries formed, &c. &c.

How many gun-boats, &c.

About this time the French were making great threats of invasion, and the timid and credulous were greatly alarmed, more especially as their preparations rather indicated they were in earnest.

"But," quoth the gudewife, "if you'll read Mr Peden."

Peden, a celebrated field preacher, in the time of the persecution during the reign of Charles the Second.—For Peden's biography, see "Scots Worthies," "Cloud of Witnesses," &c.

His dog then commenced a most pitiful howl.

A case parallel to this happened in Crawfordmoor in the Author's neighbourhood.

For many their homes left, &c.

In the parish of Moffat alone, there were two thousand five hundred sheep smothered; and in the uplands of Dumfries and Lanark shires thirty-one or thirty-two sheep-herds perished, and many more were in imminent danger.

ON SOLITUDE.

Modest Newton, illustrious sage.

Sir Isaac Newton computed the heat of the comet which appeared in the year 1680, when nearest the sun, to be

2000 times hotter than red-hot iron, and that being thus heated, it must retain its heat until it comes round again, although its period should be more than twenty thousand years; and it is computed to be only 575.—*Ferguson's Astronomy*, Art. 92, page 89.

Illumining Socrates' School.

I never read the biography of Socrates without admiration; there is a propriety and dignity in his behaviour which surpasses that of any of the sages of antiquity; and the firmness with which he met his unmerited fate, speaks volumes in his praise.

For they swept countless millions away.

Plutarch affirms, that “in Gaul, during the space of nine years, Cæsar took five hundred towns by storm, conquered three hundred states, engaged with three millions of men at different times, killed one-third and took another third prisoners.—*Preface to Cæsar's Commentaries*. By John Mair

A Brutus respect does require, &c.

Brutus the elder.

Then lifts the assassin his arm, &c.

All those great scenes of public calamity, which we behold with astonishment and horror, have originated from the source of violent passions ; these have overspread the earth with bloodshed ; these have pointed the assassin's daggers, and filled the poisoned bowl ; these, in every age, have furnished too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declamation, and for the poet's tragical song.—*Blair's Sermons*, vol. II. page 54.

True charity suffereth long, &c.

See I. Corinthians, xiii.

SEARCH AFTER CONTENTMENT.

Happiness does not consist in riches ; else, why does the beggar sing, while the king is sad.—*Blair's Sermons*.

As Hampden and Sidney of old, &c.

On the skirts of Calsgrave field, they overtook the royalists, who were loaded with booty. The Prince wheeled

about, however, and charged them with such impetuosity that they were obliged to save themselves by flight, after having lost some of their best officers ; and among the rest, Hampden, who was mortally wounded, and died soon after in great agonies. He is said to have received his wound by the bursting of one of his own pistols.—*Russel's Modern Europe, vol. 3, page 320.*

Among these the most distinguished were Russel and Sidney, both died with the intrepidity of men who had resolved to hazard their lives in the field, in order to break the fetters of slavery, and rescue themselves and their fellow subjects from an ignominious despotism.—*Do. vol. 4. page 114.*

• *Thee, philosophy claims as her own.*

Power has endeavoured to remove adversity to a distance. Philosophy has studied, when it drew nigh, to conquer it by patience ; and wealth has sought out every pleasure that can compensate or alleviate pain.—*Blair's Sermons, vol. 1. page 25.*

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

This poem was written shortly after the Battle, when the Author had no other guide than the Duke of Wellington.

ton's dispatches, and what other information the newspapers of the day afforded. Subsequently he has had an opportunity of perusing several accounts of that dreadful contest, and is happy to find himself historically right; but these accounts have not induced him to make any material changes in the poem. Had he seen them before he wrote the poem, it most likely would have been considerably longer, as there is perhaps more written than is well written. I shall give a few quotations in support of what I have advanced on the subject.

The Brunswickers and Prussians do engage.

It is well known that the news of the French having attacked the Prussians at Charleroi, on the 15th, reached the Duke of Wellington at night, and produced his prompt departure for the rendezvous of the British army at Quatre Bras.—*Simpson's visit to Flanders in July, 1815, page 59.*

Nine thousand of the Highlanders and guards.

Let it never be forgotten, that here 9,000 guards and Highlanders, and some other gallant regiments, among which were the 28th and 30th, with about 4,000 Brunswick and Belgian troops, without cavalry, actually drove back Marshal Ney, at the head of 50,000 men, and bivouacked for the night on the enemy's first position.—*Do. page 41.*

*Took up that fine position Waterloo.
See the Duke of Wellington's dispatches.*

*While o'er their heads portentous thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole.*

But on the 17th, the rain, and thunder, and lightning, continued almost without intermission, till the morning of Waterloo, when it ceased, and the weather became fine again.—*Simpson's Visit to Flanders*, page 69.

Terrific cannons, engines old of war.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it.—*Duke of Wellington's dispatches*.

It was headed by artillery, which discharged showers of iron grape shot, each bullet larger than a walnut. It was a battle, on the part of the French, of cavalry and cannon, both equipped as if by magic, and much more formidable than had ever been known, on the part of the French, to take the field.—*Simpson's Visit to Flanders*, page 77.

His rays he darted with resplendence bright.

A loud cheer, we were informed by our officer, ran along the whole British line. He was much struck by observing the sun shine out at that moment, after having been some hours under a cloud.—*Do. page 122.*

To the Old Guards, &c.

See Marshal Ney's account of the battle.

But ah! the lion coucheth for his prey.

The idea here sprung from the British troops being often obliged to fall flat, the better to escape the fire of the French Artillery.—*See Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, which I perused after writing the verse to which this note alludes.

Far, far exceeds my weak though willing lay.

When the cavalry and infantry had staggered the masses of the enemy, and somewhat calmed their fury,—round the extremity of the cross road, full on the flank of the foe, wheeled, like a whirlwind, the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillings—England, Scotland, and Ireland, in high rivalry, and irresistible union. In vain, for the second time,--the cuirassiers were bouleversés et culbutés—toppyturvy—heels over head.—*Simpson's Visit to Flanders*, p. 78.

Nor shot, nor shells, nor flames, could them subdue.

At about ten o'clock, he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut.-Colonel M'Donald, and afterwards of Colonel Hume; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.—*Duke of Wellington's Dispatches.*

They gain the admiration of the world.

The repeated charges of the old guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments.—*Marshal Blucher's Official Report, &c.*

The bold movement of Picton, with his favourite Highlanders, was tried by his successor; and the boasted cavalry of the old Imperial guard was charged and routed by the Scottish bayonet.—*Simpson's Visit, &c.* p. 120.

There lies brave Picton, of immortal fame, &c.

In Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell, gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of

the most serious attacks by the enemy on our position, was defeated.—*Duke of Wellington's Dispatches*, which see generally to the end.

And there, too, doth the brave Carmichael lie.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk ; but, as I have not a copy by me, I cannot specify the page.

AN ADDRESS TO AN OAK.

Ingenious Archimedes, we are told, &c.

See Introduction to the Lives of the British Admirals.

Some eastern hurricane has laid thee low.

This huge tree, when discovered, was lying with the top due west.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT ROBIN SHREWD AND
JOCK SPEARA.

Lord Kames, that excellent judge of mankind, and sound agriculturist, declares in strong terms, that the tenantry of Scotland at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries were so benumbed with oppression or poverty, that the most able instructor in husbandry would have made nothing of them. Fletcher of Saulton, a contemporary of Mr Cockburn, describes their situation as truly deplorable. In fact, many farms remained unoccupied; tenants rarely accepted of leases, at least they were shy, and unwilling to accept them for any considerable number of years. Hence, improvement of every kind was totally neglected, and the general poverty of the tenantry necessarily occasioned landed property to be of little value; because while rents were trifling, they were also ill paid, which, of course, placed many proprietors in something like a state of mendicity.—*Edinburgh Encyclopedia, art. agriculture, vol. I. page 224.*

A hale fortnight wi' cauld Malplaquet, &c.

An itinerant mendicant of the name of Jenkins, who perambulated this and the neighbouring counties, for many years previous to 1770, and was ever a welcome guest at the farmer's ingle side; as he was in the habit of entertaining the family with a history of the campaigns of the great

Marlborough, under whom he served ; and I have been told, that he generally wound up his tale with a description of the battle of Malplaquet, which name of course was attached to him, and of which, my informant tells me, he was very proud.

Was't Englishman or lowland Scot.

It would be unpardonable to omit noticing the active efforts of a society, formed in 1723, for the improvement of agriculture, consisting of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland, who continued their labours for more than twenty years, greatly to their own credit, and the public benefit ; of this we have sufficient evidence from a volume of their transactions published in 1743, by Mr Maxwell of Arkland, under the auspices of the celebrated Mr Hope of Rankeillor, one of the most intelligent gentlemen of that period. The dedication of that volume shows something of the state of Scotland at that time, and proves that the endeavours of the numerous members of the society were of immense benefit to the improvement of the country. In fact, the seed was at that time sown ; and though the soil in which it was deposited was of a sterile nature, yet an abundant crop was in due time reaped.—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia, vol. I. p. 224.*

Great Fletcher of Saulston langsyne, &c.

See note 1st ; and those who wish to know more of this truly great man, may peruse the Earl of Buchan's life of Fletcher.

Cockburn of Ormiston likewise.

When Mr Cockburn succeeded to the estate of Ormiston in 1714, the art of agriculture was imperfectly understood, and the condition of the tenantry was so reduced that it could not be expected to see improvements undertaken unless the strongest encouragement was previously held out. This was done by Mr Cockburn even in his father's lifetime. As Robert Wright, one of the Ormiston tenants, had early shewn an uncommon spirit to enter into Mr Cockburn's views, being probably the first farmer in Scotland who inclosed by ditch and hedge, and planted hedge row trees at his own proper charge, he was singled out for favour ; and in 1718 received a lease of the Murrays, or Muirhouse farm, of an uncommon long endurance. The lease was for 38 years, and the rent L.750 Scots ; but upon paying a fine or grassum of 1200s. Scots at the expiration of that term, a renewal of the lease was to be granted for 19 years more, and so on from 19 to 19 years in all time coming. The two subscribing witnesses to the deed were Sir John Inglis, of Cramond, bart. and John Hepburn, Esq. of Humbie, gentlemen invited on the occasion by Mr Cockburn, in order that his example might animate them with the like liberal and patriotic desire to improve the agriculture of their respective properties.—*Ency. p. 225.*

The upright and the learned Kames, &c.

To remedy this defect, Lord Kames, who probably was the first man in Britain who considered farming in the view of its proper moral excitements, suggested the indefinite, or perpetual lease. His Lordship proposed that the lease should extend to an indefinite number of years, consisting of fixed periods, at the end of each of which a rise of rent should take place, with permission for the tenant at the period of each of these rises of rent to give up his farm if he should think proper ; and granting a similar power to the landlord, upon proper terms, to resume his land if he thought fit. For particulars of this contract, see Edinburgh Encyclopaedia, vol. I. art. agriculture, page 240 ; or Kames on Leases.

The shrewd, minute Lord Meadowbank, &c.

See Lord Meadowbank's pamphlet on composting or compost middens.

Next did arise the great St. Clair, &c.

From Alfred downwards the labours of no individual have tended more to benefit society than the labours of Sir John Sinclair. The Statistical Account of Scotland, and County Surveys of Britain, will remain monuments of his patriotism and industry, while the English language is read. The laurels that encircle the head of the conqueror are

stained with blood,—a circumstance which greatly dimishes their lustre; but the bays that adorn the head of Sir John will flourish to the latest ages.

He is the father of the Board, &c.

To the unwearied endeavours of Sir John are the public indebted for this admirable institution, which has certainly done much good, and may still do a great deal more, &c.—
Edin. Encyc. vol. I. p. 218.

*Landholders keenly do contend
Who can improvement most extend.*

Since the conclusion of the American war in 1782, improvement has proceeded with singular rapidity in every district; and while the rent rolls of proprietors have been doubled, tripled, and quadrupled, the condition of the tenantry and of the lower ranks, has been ameliorated almost in a proportional degree. These circumstances are sure tokens of agricultural prosperity, and demonstrate, in the most forcible terms, that husbandry is a main pillar of the state; and that the happiness and welfare of a community depend greatly upon the manner in which the art is executed.—*Ib. page 226.*

